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Red howling monkey.

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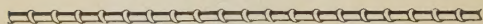
RED HOWLING MONKEY

The Tale of a South American
Indian Boy

Told and Illustrated

by

HELEN DAMROSCH TEE-VAN



When you open this book you step into the heart of the jungle in British Guiana. The author lived in that jungle for many months as an artist in one of William Beebe's Tropical Research Stations. She knew this Indian boy, and his old granny. She played with the same strange animals which were Arauta's pets. Like him, she went off hunting into the depths of the jungle, and explored its streams in primitive dugouts.

So this unusual book is full of first-hand facts about the daily life of this Indian boy. But each chapter is a good story besides: building a new home; making a boat; Arauta's first journey to a real city; Arauta's great hunting. This is the sort of tale that eight to ten year olds admire, and the younger children want to hear read aloud over and over again. There are a great many pictures, so that all these strange ways and creatures may be rightly imagined.





RED HOWLING MONKEY



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RED HOWLING MONKEY

*The Tale of
A South American Indian Boy*

TOLD AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

HELEN DAMROSCH TEE-VAN



New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1926

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Set up and electrotyped.
Published September, 1926.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY
THE BERWICK & SMITH CO.

To
LEOPOLD, DOUGLAS, AND FRANK 3D,
Three Wild Indians of North America

105039

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

To:

William Beebe, who introduced me to Granny and the other Akawai Indians, and from whose works I have gleaned much information;

Walter E. Roth, whose two works, "An Inquiry into the Animism and Folklore of the Guiana Indians" and the translation of "Travels in British Guiana" by Richard Schomburg, were a constant source of reference;

James Rodway, whose books on the Guiana jungle were of great assistance;

John Tee-Van, my husband, who has helped in many ways, and has even kept me from such grievous mistakes as putting a forest dragonfly into a picture of an open jungle clearing——

I wish to express my gratitude.

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INTRODUCTION

DURING the years that followed the westward journeys of Christopher Columbus, beyond what was then thought to be the edge of the world, many Spanish explorers and adventurers sailed across the wide ocean and came to a country of endless forests and large rivers, a country rich in spices and gold and precious stones. They called these lands by many names of old Spain, but they all belonged to that great continent that we now call South America.

In the northern part of this rich land they found many tribes of Indians. There were the fighting Caribs, feared by all other tribes because of their fierce and war-loving nature. There were the Arawaks, the Warraus, the Akawais, and many others.

Unlike the North American Indians, these South Americans were mostly short and stocky, with broad faces and low foreheads. The color of their skin was more bronze-brown than the copper color which gave the North American

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Indians the name of "Redskin." They had straight, black hair and black eyes that tilted upward at the corners, suggesting the slanting eyes of the Chinese.

The children of the children of the children of these people still live in South American jungles, and it is of the people of the Akawai tribe, who live on the banks of the Mazaruni and Cuyuni rivers, in what is now known as British Guiana, that I would tell.

Since the days of the early Spanish settlers the number of Indians has grown very much less, for when primitive races come in touch with white people they often get diseases, like influenza and tuberculosis, which kill them off in great numbers. And as the older Indians are rapidly dying off, their ancient customs and traditions are also fast disappearing. These are full of interesting tales of fact and fancy, and it would be a great pity if all knowledge of their old-time life were lost.

So I have written this story about a little Indian boy, whom I know very well. I have tried to tell you about the kind of life he leads, of his family, of his many animal pets, and of the great forest land in which he dwells. I know something about all these things, because I have lived there myself, and many of the adventures

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that befell the little Indian boy are adventures that I, too, have experienced.

At the meeting place of those two large rivers, the Mazaruni and the Cuyuni, is a point of land called Kartabo. On this point stands a little, brown house, with a high, sloping roof, and on two sides of the little house is a big piazza. . . . That is where we live. "We" are the members of the Tropical Research Station of the New York Zoölogical Society. That is a long name, but it only means that all the people who live in the little, brown house are there to study the habits of all kinds of animal life in the jungle, to see how animals are born and live and die, how different kinds live together peacefully, and how others are bitter enemies. In fact, we want to learn as many things as we possibly can about the interesting world we live in.

Mr. William Beebe is the director of this Research Station, and he has many people working under him. Some make studies of one kind of animal, some of another, some photograph them, and others paint pictures of them. I am one of these last, and some day I would like to tell you of all the strange birds and bugs, caterpillars and fish, that have come to me to have their portraits painted. . . . But that is another story!

INTRODUCTION

The Indians that I am going to tell you about hunt for us, and bring us food to eat. They bring us game birds that are more delicious than partridge or guinea hen, they bring us deer and other excellent meat, and yes—even monkey!

One of the friends that I have made among the Indians is a little Akawai boy, and this story is all about him. He was about ten years old when I first knew him. His English was quaint and funny. In writing about him, when he speaks our language, I have tried to make him talk just as he talked to me. But when he and his people spoke together they talked Akawai, and there I have made him say things as you or I or any other person would speak the language of our own people. All the strange names of animals and Indian life that I have used are real Akawai Indian words.

The Akawais do not live in big villages, but sometimes two or three families will build their houses near each other. A few miles up the river from where we live is one of these small settlements, and it is from the people who live there that I have learned about the strange customs of the Indians. "Granny" is an old friend of mine. She speaks no English, but we say a great deal to one another with smiles and little grunts, and much pointing of fingers. One day

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“Granny” let me come into the jungle to watch her plant cassava . . . but how that is done is part of the story, so let us begin without more delay.

HELEN DAMROSCH TEE-VAN.



His Father, his Mother, himself, his sister Kai-lai-la, and his Granny.

ARAUTA AND HIS FAMILY

ONCE upon a time, in fact just about fourteen years ago, a little boy was born in a be-nab in the middle of the great South American jungle. A benab is an Indian house, but it is a house without walls. This is because it is very hot in the jungle, and the wind must be allowed to blow freely through the benab. So there are just a few poles supporting a roof of palm leaves, woven into a heavy thatch to keep out the tropical rains and the hot sun. From the poles are stretched the hammocks in which the Indian family sleeps, and in which it spends many of its waking hours. There is scarcely any furniture in the benab, unless one might so call the pottery jars, the cooking pots, and the many baskets lying about on the dirt floor.

RED HOWLING MONKEY

The little boy who was born in this benab was known by many names, but what his real name was I cannot tell you, for the Indians believe that it will bring bad luck to have their real names known. Only the parents, the child, and possibly the medicine-man know the secret of the child's true name. But he is given many others, and so we will call this little boy the name by which most of his friends knew him—"A-rau-ta"—which means the "Red Howling Monkey." He did not really deserve such a nickname, for he was a good baby, who hardly ever cried unless he was hungry or did not feel well!

Soon after Arauta was born, his Mother went out to work in the fields, while his Father lay lazily at home in his hammock. This is the custom among many of the tribes and is called the "Cou-va-de."

The baby's spirit nature is believed to remain a part of the Father until the child can crawl. So Arauta's Father must be very careful not to hurt the spirit of the little boy that has just come into the world. The baby spirit clings to the Father, gazes upon him, follows him wherever he goes, while the child remains at home. The spirit is such a close companion that it is no wonder that the Father stays in his hammock. For how can he go into the forest or field to use



This is an Indian house. It is made of poles and a palm-thatched roof. The people sleep in the hammocks at night and sit in them in the daytime. Baskets and pottery jars are the only furniture. Arauta's Mother and Granny are preparing the noonday meal. His Father and Uncle and his little sister, Kai-lai-la are all watching Arauta as he plays on the dirt floor with his little dog. The monkey knows he is not

being watched, so he is helping himself to some nice cassava bread. The macaw, who is sitting on one of the upper poles of the benab, is talking to himself, because nobody else will listen to him. The long basket hanging from the same pole is a matapi, and the other basket is a quake. Around the benab grow plantain and banana trees, and the tall tree in the background, with the cluster of leaves and fruit on top, is a pawpaw tree. The fruit is yellow and juicy and good to eat. The lilies that grow near the benab are a beautiful red. The people are dark brown and all the leaves that are in the picture are a very bright green, and I guess that is all there is to say about it.

ARAUTA AND HIS FAMILY

his ax or cutlass, when the child's spirit, which follows him as a second shadow, might be between the ax and the wood? Or if the Father climbed a tree, might not the infant spirit try to climb, too, and perhaps fall and injure the human baby lying in his hammock? And might not his little son at home be killed, if, while hunting, the Father's arrow pierced the accompanying spirit of the child?

So when Arauta's Father thought that it was time to leave his hammock, he still was very careful of his baby's spirit. When he waded through the water, crossing some small jungle stream or pool, he made a tiny boat of a tairu leaf, with a tiny wooden seat and paddle, in which the boy's spirit could row across. Or if he came to a large fallen tree he would build a little bridge of sticks, placed from the ground to the tree trunk, over which the little spirit could climb.

But one day, in spite of all his care, Arauta's Father upset the little leaf boat! In great fear he hurried home, for he knew that he would find his baby sick, and that unless the Piai-doctor, or medicine-man, could save him, his child would die!

When the poor Father came home he found that the baby was indeed not well. He ran to the Piai-doctor in great distress.

RED HOWLING MONKEY



A boat for the baby's spirit.

"Please come as fast as you can," the unhappy man begged him. "My little Arauta is very sick and I fear he will die! If he does it will be my fault, for I upset the tairu leaf boat this afternoon! Please, please save him!"

"I will come at once," replied the Piai-man, "and see what I can do for the child."

ARAUTA AND HIS FAMILY



Rattle.



*Chest
ornament.*



Doll.

As he spoke he gathered together all his tools or kickshaws, his bench carved into the shape of an alligator, his crystals, his chest ornament, and his rattle, or shackshack, which is a hollowed



The Piai-man's bench.

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gourd filled with seeds or stones, fastened upon a stick, and decorated with gay parrot feathers. With this rattle the Piai-man calls to the spirits, who are to help him with the sick child. But more important than all these was his little wooden doll, for it was the Piai's manikin who would decide whether the child should live or die.

The two men hurried back to the benab, where the sick baby lay moaning. The medicine-man sat on his little bench, and at first he only shook his shackshack over the child. Then, muttering his magic spells, he stood his little figure on the ground. Breathlessly the child's Father watched it! Should the doll fall over he knew that all the Piai's magic would be of no avail, and the child would die. . . . Only the low murmuring of the doctor broke the silence. . . . At last the spell was finished! . . . The manikin still remained staunchly upright! Great was the Father's joy, for now his Arauta would get well and grow to be a good huntsman like his forefathers.

The medicine-man who can work such magic and chase out the bad spirits is, of course, a very important and often much feared person. If an Indian is sick he goes to the Piai-man. Some of the old people of the tribe have told how the Piai-doctor came to be.

ARAUTA AND HIS FAMILY

There were twin brothers, Makunaima and Pia, who were children of the Sun and of a beautiful woman, who was carved out of a plum tree. After having many adventures together the brothers disagreed and parted company. Pia remained with his Mother, and they traveled about the country together, fishing, hunting, and seeking fruits. One day the Mother complained of weariness, so Pia took her to the high mountain of Roraima and left her on that great mountain top, where she still dwells. From that time on Pia no longer hunted and fished only, but traveled from place to place, teaching the Indians many useful things, such as good magic, and the curing of sickness. This knowledge has been handed down even unto the present day, and the wise men who possess this knowledge are the Piai-doctors.

The bad spirits can give a lot of trouble, and a man must be very careful to do nothing to displease them. He must make certain that the spirits approve of his new boat, he must ask their aid in hunting, and he must be sure to plant his cassava at just the right time, so that the spirits will see that it grows well.

Cassava is the Indians' principal food. From the roots of this plant they make flour, which is rolled into very thin, flat cakes that are baked in

RED HOWLING MONKEY

the sun. It is the Indian women who plant and cultivate the cassava, though the men help clear the field, cutting down the trees and burning the stumps.

One day, when Arauta was about a year old, his Mother took him with her to the cassava field. Using a small baby's hammock as a sling hanging from her head, the baby traveled very comfortably along the shady jungle trail. Occasionally his drowsy little head would nod and he would sleep, till some large bush turkey whirred up from the path, awakening the boy with its shrill squawks.

When they reached the field, which was about two miles back in the forest, Arauta's Mother put him in the shade of a big palm leaf, which had been erected as a shelter against the blazing, burning sun.

There he played happily by himself, trying to catch the bars of sunlight that filtered through the palm thatch or, lying on his little, bare, brown back, watched the cottony, white, trade-wind clouds go sailing by in the pale blue sky. Occasionally a giant grasshopper, six inches long, would hop within reach, but, almost before Arauta knew he wanted it, off the creature would whirl with its large blue-green wings. Orange or yellow butterflies came fluttering by, and



The baby traveled very comfortably.

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brilliant dragonflies hovered a moment over the little, brown boy, whose shiny black eyes could scarcely follow their darting movements. Countless many-hued insects buzzed and hummed over



In the shade of a big palm leaf.

the sun-baked clearing, and brightly colored lizards darted over the ground. Oh, there were ever so many things to amuse a year-old baby, while his Mother went about her work, even though he had no toys like those that can be bought in shops!

RED HOWLING MONKEY

The field had already been burned over, so that a clearing had been made in the forest, and only blackened stumps remained of what were once enormous trees. Arauta's Mother first made little mounds of earth, and into each of these she stuck two or three shoots of cassava. They would need very little care, for nearly every day a shower would come to give them a drink, the sun would warm the ground and make the roots grow big and fat, till they were large enough to be dug up and used.

By the time this was accomplished many months had passed since the day that Arauta spent in the clearing with his Mother. The cassava had now grown into slender plants, six or seven feet tall, with bulbous roots and rather bare stems, topped with clusters of hand-shaped leaves. The whole family went out to the field for the first harvest: Arauta's Father and Mother, his toothless old Granny, and his older sister, Kai-lai-la.

When the harvest was over and all the cassava had been gathered in, there was feasting and drinking of pai-war-ri. Paiwarri is a favorite Indian drink, and Arauta's old Grandmother had made a large quantity of it for the occasion. This she did by chewing the cassava and spitting the juice into bowls, where it was

ARAUTA AND HIS FAMILY

mixed with water and allowed to ferment. . . . Long into the evening they ate and drank, and told tales of olden days.

The next morning Arauta's Mother and Granny started to prepare the cassava, which they had gathered the day before, while Kai-lai-la (named after a pretty jungle bird) played with her little brother and saw that he did not get into too much mischief.

Cassava can not be eaten before it is suitably prepared, as it contains a very strong poison. To get rid of this Granny first grated the roots on a roughened board, after which she soaked them in water. When they were quite soft she put them into a long, tubelike basket, called a ma-ta-pi. At each end of the matapi is a loop. One of these loops Granny fastened to a horizontal pole, near the roof of the benab, so that the matapi hung downward. Through the loop, at the lower end, she put a stick, one end of which touched the ground. Upon this stick sat Arauta's fat Mamma, thus pulling out the matapi till it was even longer and slenderer than before. In this way the juice, which contained the poison, was all squeezed out. After this they rubbed the mealy mass through a basketwork sifter onto a large, flat stone, and placed it out in the sun to bake.

The poison cassava juice that had been

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squeezed out was then thickened by long boiling and seasoned with capsicum, and thus the poison was taken out. The juice that remained is called cas-sa-reep. During the day Arauta's Father had brought in a big pec-car-y, or wild pig, which could not possibly be eaten at one meal. Of course in such a hot country, where ice was an unknown and even unimaginable thing, food would spoil very fast, unless it could be preserved in some other way. So the meat that was left over from the midday meal was put into a big pot, called the pepper-pot. Cassareep was boiling in this pot, and any meat cooked in it would not spoil. The pepper-pot was always kept on the fire, and this one had actually been kept going for many years. Many a time, when Arauta's Father had had bad luck in hunting, or when the fishing was poor, the family had blessed the faithful pepper-pot and fared excellently upon a meal of the spicy, much-cooked meat.

An Indian family does not eat as you or I do. There are no tables and chairs, no china plates, no knives and forks and spoons, and no tablecloths and napkins. Arauta and his family sat upon the dirt floor. If the meal was chiefly pepper-pot, there was a pottery bowl of this upon the ground. Around this the family squatted,



Arauta's Mother sitting on the stick that pulls out the matapi that squeezes out the poison juice of the cassava.

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each one dipping his fingers into the pot for the morsel that he wanted. Sometimes there would be a meal of fish cooked over the fire, or an a-gou-ti or peccary roasted in a pit dug in the ground. And almost always there was cassava in one form or another.

At some seasons of the year, especially at an eclipse of the moon, certain foods are forbidden, or ta-boo, to the Indian. Sometimes it is the man who is not allowed to eat a certain kind of meat or fish, and sometimes it is the woman who cannot eat any meat at all. When the man brings home the animal or fish which he has killed, he does not bring it into the benab himself. He puts it down some yards away from the house and tells his wife to go and get it. The reason for this is that he fears he will have bad luck the next time he goes fishing or hunting, if the animal's spirit knows that he has brought him so near the cooking pot.

An Indian must not hunt for the same kind of game too often, for that would make the animal's spirit very angry. Not only every bird and beast and fish has some spirit which dwells in it, but also the trees and rocks, the earth, and even the various objects in the home. There is one story that is told about a cooking pot. It is called "The Lucky Pot," and I will tell it to you, as Arau-

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ta's Granny told it as they all sat around the fire the night of the harvest feast.

"On his way home from the forest one day, a man came across a benab, with no human beings living there, but a Pot was simmering on the fire. The Pot spoke to him and asked him if he were hungry, and the man said, 'Yes, I am.' 'All right,' said the Pot, 'I will cook a bird for you,' and he began to boil. When the bird was ready, the man ate it and went home. His wife put fish before him, but he said, 'I do not want it. I am satisfied.' By and by he made an excuse to leave the house and, having arrived at the benab in the forest, he said to the Pot, 'I am hungry. You must cook meat now.' So the Pot boiled away and cooked him some bush-hog. When he got home, his wife put some cassava before him, but he said, 'I do not want it. I am not hungry.' After remaining at home and always refusing the food which his wife brought to him, he paid another visit to the Lucky Pot. This time he ate his fill of both bird and meat, and returned home, again assuring his wife that he was not hungry and wanted no food. Now his two sons looked at him and at one another, and then whispered to each other, 'What does this mean? Our Father stays at home two days and is not hungry. He goes into the forest, and even when

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he returns, he will not eat! Where does he get his food?' So they watched him the next day, and, following him at a distance, saw him talk to the Pot and help himself. On his return home he again refused to eat the food his wife offered him. As they were getting short of food for the household, he went away to catch some fish. While he was gone, the sons went to the benab in the forest, and asked the Pot to cook bird and meat for them. After eating, they washed the vessel clean, so as not to leave even a trace of smell in it. By and by the Father came home from his fishing excursion, handed the fish he had caught to his wife, but refused to eat any himself. Then he slipped away to his Lucky Pot and told it to cook for him. But it would not boil any more for him, or for any one else, so perfectly had it been cleaned out. When he saw that there was nothing to do about it the man began to cry, but the Pot only said, 'You were greedy. You gave the bird and the meat neither to your wife, nor to your children. You ate it all yourself!' And that is the end of the story."

THE FOREST, THE BEACH, AND BUILDING A NEW HOME

CAN you imagine a country where you could travel for days and days and days and never see anything but trees? That is the kind of country Arauta lived in. There are no meadows in that country, like those in the North that are covered with daisies and buttercups in June. There are no farmhouses and no pasture lands. Only miles and miles of trees, with here and there a few small clearings, where an Indian has planted his cassava, or where one of the giant trees has grown too old to live any longer, and has come crashing down to earth, bringing with it many smaller trees that grew near by. Here new trees would spring up almost immediately, and a tangle of vines would grow like magic over the fallen tree.

The great need of a jungle tree is for sunlight, and to get this, it must grow as fast as it can, racing its neighbors in order to crowd them out. Perhaps for this reason, most of the trees of the jungle have long, comparatively slender trunks, which do not send out branches till very

BUILDING A NEW HOME

near the top. About sixty feet above the ground a big tree will spread its branches of green leaves which, meeting the branches of the next large tree, form a canopy of green that shades the jungle below. It is the tops of these trees that live in the sunlight and burst forth into a mass of brightly colored blossoms. And up there in the sun, birds and butterflies and all manner of insects lead their entire lives without ever coming near the earth.

In the lower jungle there are few colors to be seen except green and brown. There is very little undergrowth, and the ground is covered with a thick mat of brown, dead leaves, with here and there a carpet of pink or lavender or yellow blossoms that have fallen from some tree-top far above. Occasionally a brilliant splash of color from the scarlet passion flower will show up against the green background of shiny leaves.

It is very moist in the shady jungle and the constant dampness makes quantities of mushrooms grow, not only on the ground and tree stumps, but on the tree trunks as well. These, too, give some color to the jungle, for they are often red or orange, yellow or brown. One very beautiful one is the dainty, openwork, lace mushroom, which is snowy white or coral pink, when it first springs out of the ground. But it very

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soon droops and fades, and, within a few hours, it is nothing but a shapeless, brown mass.

There are no roads in the jungle and no paths, except a few narrow trails made by the Indians,



The lace mushroom.

or by animals going to some favorite watering place, either to a small brook, that wanders through the dense jungle, or to the wider rivers and creeks. Sometimes the Indians can follow the shores of the river, walking on the firm, hard sand beaches that stretch for a mile or two along

BUILDING A NEW HOME

the banks, but more often the ground near the river is swampy. Both along the beaches and swamps rise big trees, whose huge roots twist and sprawl across the sand and through the mud.

Arauta, when he was old enough to go off by himself, spent many happy hours climbing about among these twisting, interlacing tree roots. There he would spend hours searching for the

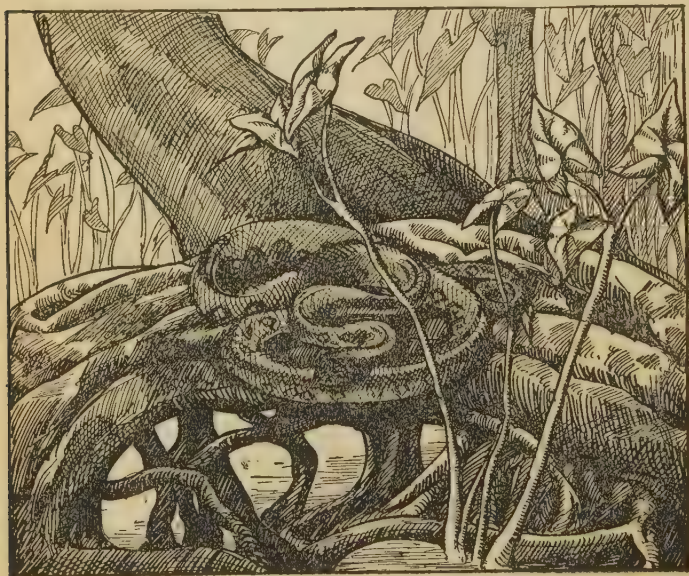


The lizard who lost his tail.

tiny crabs that lived in the rain-filled pockets of the hard wood. He would break off a twig and poke it down to the bottom of the hole, hoping that one of the funny little fellows would grab it and climb out. Sometimes he would sit for many minutes watching a large water beetle paddle across the miniature pond, or feed flies to a giant tarantula spider, hiding in some dark cavern of the roots. Or perhaps he would chase a small lizard down into one of the pockets that

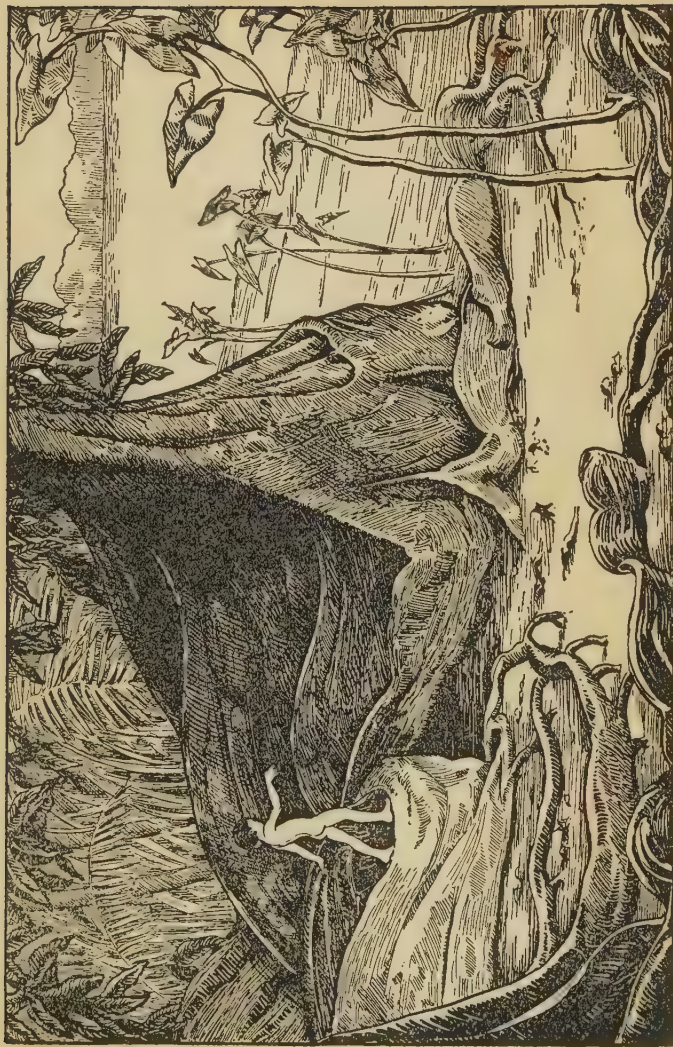
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had no bottom. Occasionally, just as the lizard was disappearing into the hole, Arauta would catch him by the tail, but the lizard, nothing daunted, would run away, leaving his tail behind



The Anaconda, a big water boa.

him! The tail would continue to wriggle for some moments in Arauta's hand as if it wanted to follow its other half. Arauta knew that the lizard would soon grow another tail and never feel the lack of his old one. Sometimes a big water boa would lie coiled upon a branchlike



Arauta in the tree roots.

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root, his black and brown pattern blending in with the color of the smooth bark, or maybe Arauta would see him gliding down to the river, leaving a smooth groove in the sand where he passed. Arauta usually left this big snake alone, for he knew that the boa would not harm him, if he were left in peace. It is so with most of the jungle creatures.

But Arauta's favorite amusement on the river-shore was to climb about from tree to tree, never touching the ground, sometimes testing his balancing power by running upright along the narrow tops of these queer roots, which always made him think of serpents and alligators and all creepy, crawly things. It would have been a wonderful place to play "follow the leader," but Arauta usually played alone and had to make up his own games.

The seasons come and go in Arauta's country, but it is hard to realize the passing of time. For there are no differences of winter and summer, autumn and spring, as we have in the North, to separate the days and months into seasons. Although one tree in the forest may be bare of leaves at a certain time of year, its next-door neighbor may, at the same season, be joyously bursting into delicate, new pink leaflets, while still another will be dressed in the rich, glossy

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green of summer. Though the nights may be chilly and an occasional cold wind may blow, it is really always summer in Arauta's forest land. There are, to be sure, the wet months and the dry ones, but it is only these alternating dry and rainy seasons (two long ones and two short) which mark the passage of time.

And so the days passed by, and the months and years, and, though he scarcely knew it himself, Arauta was fast growing up. He was a boy of ten, and Kai-lai-la was fifteen, when his family, who for many years had lived on the banks of the Mazaruni near the rapids, decided to settle farther down the river. For Arauta's Father, growing restless, wished to move. He had found a pleasant spot nearer the meeting place of the Mazaruni and the Cuyuni rivers, where he could build a new benab for himself.

So the family packed together all their household belongings, loaded them into the corial (the Indian canoe) and started off to make a new home. The site Arauta's Father had chosen was on a high bank, rising above a stretch of sandy beach. Great feathery clumps of bamboo, their long, ribbonlike leaves acting as pennants, to tell which way the wind blew, shaded this lovely spot. From this bank they could look down a wide expanse of water, where the two

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streams, joining together, flowed down to meet the still greater River Essequibo.

A little farther down the beach grew giant mora trees, close to the shore, their huge flat roots making a confused labyrinth some six or seven feet above the beach. Arauta looked long-



Great feathery clumps of bamboo.



Here is a half-built benab. Arauta and his Father are looking with pride at their work, while the womenfolk look on in admiration. There are bananas and plantains and a pawpaw tree in this picture, too, because the Indians like to eat them very much.

RED HOWLING MONKEY

ingly in their direction and begged his Father to let him go and play among them.

"Indeed no, not now," his Father answered. "This is no time for play and idle dreaming. You must get busy at once." For every one was needed to help in unpacking old belongings and in making the new home. "Come with me into the forest," he added, "and help me cut some slender poles with which to make our new house."

So Araitha obediently went with his Father a short distance back in the forest, and they chopped down about twenty-five young saplings of varying lengths. These they dragged back to the bank above the river. Choosing three fairly long ones Araitha's Father drove them into the ground in a row about eight feet apart, first making a cleft at the top of each of them. About six feet away, on either side of these three upright poles, he placed three other shorter ones. Then again taking three poles, this time the very longest, he, with Araitha's help, fastened them horizontally to the uprights. Thus he made a center ridgepole about ten feet above the ground and two on either side about five feet high. Next he took a number of shorter sticks and placed them at two-foot intervals from the top ridgepole to the lower ones. Their skeleton benab

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was now completed, and all that remained to be done was to roof it over.



A swampy bit of jungle.

The whole family paddled down the river to a swampy bit of jungle, where they knew the troolie palm grew in great profusion. Here they

RED HOWLING MONKEY

cut many of the long, fringed leaves, braiding six or eight of them together to make their transportation easier. When they had enough they loaded them into the dugout. So heavy were they that the water nearly came over the edge of the corial, and it looked like an enormous, floating haywagon.

When they returned to their framework house they unbraided the troolie leaves, and beginning at the lower ridgepole on one side, they thatched their roof by overlaying the leaves horizontally, each overlapping the other. In this way they made a solid roof with which to keep out the rain and the burning sun.

And so their life in the new home began, and soon it was running along almost as though they had never moved. So few are the Indian's possessions, and so like is one benab to another, that changing homes makes little change in living.

Arauta's Granny was soon busy making new kewé-yos for the women of the family. The kewé-yos are the small bead aprons worn by the grown women of the tribe. They are made of gayly colored beads, most often blue and white and red, and Granny wove quaint conventional designs into them; of monkeys, snakes, snailshells, or other familiar objects in an Indian's life.

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A kewé-yo. The figures with four legs and a tail are supposed to be monkeys.

Granny had also taught Kai-lai-la to make pottery jars of clay, and as some of their old jars had become broken in the moving, the girl decided to make some new ones. So, on the first night of the incoming moon, she said to Arauta:

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"Will you come with me to-night, to the place where we got such fine clay for Granny last year? I want to make some new pots."

"Why not go to-morrow night?" suggested Arauta, who was feeling rather sleepy.

"It's new moon to-night," his sister reminded him, "and you know that if the clay is dug at any other time our pots will be easily broken, and, worse yet, some terrible sickness may come upon us if we eat from them!"

"That is true! I had forgotten it was new moon," Arauta assented. "Of course I will go with you to-night. Let's start right away."

The two started off, paddling down the Mazaruni River and around the bend of Kartabo Point, into the Cuyuni. When they came to the familiar spot, which they recognized by a sprawling tree root, shaped like an alligator, they grounded their boat in the shallow water and waded ashore. The clay bank was near the shore, and they were soon busily digging up the sticky soil with their hands, and putting it into large, flat baskets, which they had brought for that purpose. When they had enough they carried it back to their boat.

The crescent moon was just disappearing behind the treetops across the river as they paddled into the Mazaruni. Frogs and toads croaked

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from the swamps, a giant goatsucker, or "poor-me-one," called from the farther shore, its clear, whistling notes going down a scale of minor intervals, an owl hooted overhead from a tall tree close by, and the punk-a-punk of a big catfish boomed from the middle of the river. There was a whisper of soft breezes in the feathery bamboos. The children paddled silently. Their boat scarcely rippled the smooth, black water, from which millions of mirrored stars twinkled up at them. Without speaking, they drew their boat up on the sandy strip of beach in front of their Father's benab. Still without a word, they carried their heavy baskets of clay up the steep bank, and rolled into their hammocks, and were soon fast asleep.

Early the next morning Kai-lai-la started the making of her pots and bowls. First she kneaded the sticky clay with her hands and feet, until there were no little, gritty particles to be found in the pliable mass. She then began to mold one of her pots. She made a flat base and then, with flattened hands, she rolled strips of clay, about as thick as her finger. These she joined together by pressing them over with a little piece of wood that she always kept wet. Next, she built up the pots by putting one roll of clay above the other, giving shape to them by squeezing the

RED HOWLING MONKEY

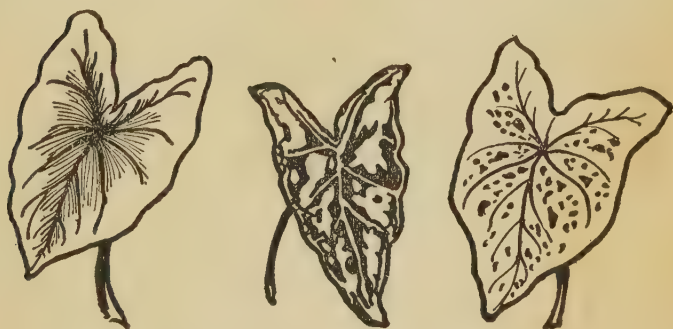
clay together in one place and spreading it out in another. When she had molded a number of pots into different shapes she left them for a while, till the clay had lost part of its moisture. In the meantime she looked for, and found, a smooth stone, and with this she polished the outside of the pots, and then left them in the sun to dry.

That was all she could do that day, but when the pots were entirely sun-dried, Kai-lai-la dug holes in the ground and put her pottery into them. She and Arauta then collected lots of dry branches, which they placed around the holes. These they lit, and kept the fires burning until the pots were thoroughly baked. Kai-lai-la knew when each pot had reached just the right degree of hardness, by tapping it with a small piece of wood, which gave out a particular note, the sound of which made her know that her work was finished.

Kai-lai-la was especially interested in things about the household just now, for there was a young Indian hunter whom she admired greatly, and she hoped some day he would make her his wife. From the old home up the river she had brought, and carefully transplanted to a secluded spot, some pretty, little heart-shaped leaves, spotted and suffused with red. These she tended

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with great care, for they were love charms, or beenas, as the Indians call them. There are several ways of trying out the power of these charms, and Kai-lai-la had used them all. First she had bathed with a leaf of the beena, and once, when she was sure her lover was hunting far out in the forest, she had stolen to his ham-



Caladium leaves used for beenas.

mock and rubbed it with some of the charmed leaves.

One night, when he had come to her Father's benab, she had crept out to where her precious plants were growing. There she had rubbed her hands with the leaves, and, coming back to the benab, she sat down quietly beside him and listened to his stories of the exciting jaguar

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hunt, from which he had just returned. While he was talking she very gently touched his hand with hers. But of all these attempts to charm him he must know nothing, else the spell would not work. And indeed the beenas seemed to bring luck, for that evening the Young Hunter took more notice of her than he had ever done before. So Kai-lai-la was very happy and believed more firmly than ever in her love beenas.

All Indians believe very strongly in good and evil spirits, and they use different kinds of charms to bring them luck in hunting and fishing, for planting their fields, and for all the other happenings of their daily lives. These charms, or beenas (from the word bia-bina, which means to attract or entice) are often made from the juice of the plants called Caladiums. These are heart-shaped leaves of vivid green, some spotted or streaked with red, and some with white or pink or lavender. It was one of these that Kai-lai-la had used for her love charms.

Indian beenas were supposed to have been originally from snakes. Not only had they the power of attracting game, but they also brought the thunder, the lightning, and the rain. Granny told Kai-lai-la and Arauta that her Grandmother had once told her a tale about such a snake.

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"After having been killed," she had said, "the snake was carefully burned, and from the ashes there arose all the different plants, mostly, but not all of them, Caladiums. And these are now the plants we use for beenas!"

Only the men are supposed to handle the special beenas that are used for hunting. In fact, although they are cultivated near the house, or grow wild in the old fields, the womenfolk are supposed not even to see them.

Sometimes, instead of the juice of plants, the Indians will use the blood of some wild animal. Jaguar's blood is supposed to give courage, and there is a little tree toad that is also supposed to bring good luck in hunting. In some places a frog is rubbed into cuts made on either side of the hunter's chest, or a live toad is swallowed. Sometimes cuts are made on the arms, and the spawn of the akura frog is rubbed, not only into the incisions, but also into the mouth, nose, eyes, and ears. In other parts of the country hairy caterpillars, whose hairs break off easily and irritate the flesh, are rubbed into cuts on wrists and thighs.

Arauta's Father often broke off the young, unopened shoot of a certain plant and placed it in his powderflask, or rubbed the leaf on his arrow, his fishhook, his gunbarrel, or even on his

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dog. He was quite sure that this brought him good luck.

But now, before we go a-hunting in the jungle with Arauta and his Father, I am going to tell you something about the animals that lived and played about the boy's home.

ARAUTA'S PETS

MOST Indians are fond of animals, and almost every benab has its tame parrot or gaudy macaw, while monkeys, dogs, chickens, and babies play together on the dirt floor. From the time Arauta was old enough to crawl, he always had some animal playmate, and often he would have several.

One day he found a new pet. It was a baby sun bittern and Arauta loved him the minute he saw him! He had been paddling up the river with his Father, keeping close to the shore, which for some distance was bordered by mangroves and a low tangle of shrubs. Suddenly they were startled by the whirring of wings, as a beautiful sun bittern flew up almost in their faces. He was so close to them that they could easily see the chestnut and yellow on his wings and the pretty gray and black and white stripes on his back and tail. Arauta even had a glimpse of his ruby-red eye. Then they heard a plaintive, little peep coming from the bushes near at hand. Shoving the boat close to shore, Arauta, who was in the

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The baby sun bittern standing in his nest made of mud. The flowers that are growing on the mangrove trees, are little, white orchids that begin to send forth a fragrant odor every evening at six o'clock.

bow, stood up and peered into the tangled bushes. At first he could see nothing, but the shrill, little voice kept on calling, and at last he espied its owner. Sitting in a nest shaped somewhat like a small, wooden, Dutch shoe, made of mud and clay, was the baby sun bittern. He was a fluffy mite, buff-colored, with bands of black, and

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stumpy little black and white-striped wings and tail. His head was white, beautifully marked with a black circle on top, and black bands running across his face. When he saw Arauta looking at him, he stood up on sturdy, yellow legs, that, like his feet, looked far too big for him. He would certainly have to grow up to those legs! Arauta was overjoyed when his Father said he might take the little bird home. Very carefully he broke the nest loose from the branch on which it had been built, covering the baby bird with his hand, so that he should not fall out. All the way home the little sun bittern cried, in his throaty, little voice, but soon he became accustomed to his new home, and seemed even to enjoy his life with all the other animals. He knew that Arauta was his especial friend and would run about on his sturdy, yellow legs, following the boy's footsteps wherever he went.

Very often the wild birds of the jungle become very tame, if they are caught when they are young. One of them, a war-ra-ca-bra, or trumpeter bird, was so unafraid that he became quite a nuisance. They had found him also, when he was an awkward, fluffy, brown baby, way out in the forest, but now he was a handsome fellow in a suit of black, with an iridescent purple and blue shirt front, yellowish green legs, and a

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The baby trumpeter bird.

green bill. He was constantly running after people and getting under foot, and occasionally he would upset the unfortunate person who got in his way.

Kai-lai-la also had her pets. Chief among them was the gay old macaw. He had rather a cranky nature and would snap at people's fingers and give them quite a sharp nip sometimes.

ARAUTA'S PETS

But he was never cross with Kai-lai-la, and it was a very pretty sight to see him perched on her shoulder, his gorgeous blue and red tail feathers hanging down her back. He had many amusing tricks which she had taught him. His favorite one was dancing. Kai-lai-la would sing or whistle a little melody, and the old bird would swing his neck and sway from side to side, lifting up one foot and beating perfect time with it. He always ended this performance by jerking his neck straight out in front of him and clicking loudly, three times, with his big, black beak. He was a very wise old bird and knew just what he was supposed to do and what was forbidden, but sometimes temptation was too strong for him, and then he would do just what he pleased. When he thought no one was looking at him, he would waddle across the benab, dragging his tail in the dust, to one of the baskets where the cassava was kept. Then, watching the Indians out of the corner of one of his canny, white and black eyes, he would scramble up the side of the basket. If he were caught in the act he would make such a fuss, and scold so hard, that you would have thought that anybody but himself had been the culprit! He often talked to himself for hours, perched up on one of the crosspoles of the benab, and sometimes, if a stranger passed by, he would

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give the most terrible shrieks and then burst into peals of hearty laughter.

A less interesting bird, but still an amusing one in many ways, was the small green parrakeet, with dashes of orange and turquoise blue on his wings, that an Indian from the Venezuelan border had brought down from the upper Cuyuni. He had given the bird to Kai-lai-la, when he saw how well she managed the old macaw. Little Win-a-moo (that was the name of the place he came from) had a bad temper and delighted in digging his sharp beak into any one who attempted friendliness with him. But Kai-lai-la thought maybe some one had ill-treated him and that, with time and patience, she would be able to tame the ferocious little bird. She never succeeded in making him pleasant to others, but he became gentler with her, and would nibble at the jungle fruits she brought him, without making the vicious little pecks at her fingers, as he had when she first got him. One trick of his quite won everybody's heart. Kai-lai-la had given him an old rag, to serve as a sort of nest. Win-a-moo became greatly attached to this bit of cloth, and every night he would roll himself up in his blanket and go to sleep! And whenever it rained he would do the same thing, burying himself completely, head and all, till the storm



*Kai-lai-la with the two monkeys and the gay
old macaw.*

ARAUTA'S PETS

was over. Then he would stick his funny little head out from the coverlet and greet the sunshine with ear-splitting squawks! His violent temper finally proved his undoing, for one day the children found him having a fit, and he died soon after.

But Arauta and Kai-lai-la had other pets besides birds. There was always at least one monkey running around the benab, and often more. One, who remained a family pet for many years, was the wal-ka, a gray cebus monkey. He was quite one of the family and traveled with them wherever they went. He was the most mischievous of monkeys, and always getting into trouble, but the Indians laughed at all his pranks and loved him all the more. Nothing was safe from his curiosity. He would climb into the basket of cassava cakes and scatter them far and wide. He would dip his inquisitive fingers into the hot pepper-pot, and, when he burned them, come whimpering to Arauta to be comforted. One day Arauta's Father was working on a new hammock. He left it on the floor of the benab, while he went to talk to a friend, and while he was gone, the monkey invented a game with the slender vines of which the hammock was being made. When the Indian returned he found days of work undone, and the walka completely im-

RED HOWLING MONKEY



The monkey and the jam jar.

prisoned in the middle of a frightful tangle! Another time he was investigating the contents of a small pottery jar. It was half filled with a sticky sort of jam, made from some fruit of the jungle. The mouth of the jar was just about the size of the monkey's head, and, in his eagerness to get at the sweet stuff at the bottom, he tilted it up and stuck his head in. The sticky jam poured over him, into his mouth and nose and eyes and then he discovered that it was much easier to put his head into the jar than it was to get it out again! It was a stickier and a sadder, but I am afraid not a much wiser, monk who was finally rescued. Arafta took him down to the

ARAUTA'S PETS

river to give him a bath, and he didn't like that very much, either!

Arauta's Father came home one night from a hunting expedition, carrying a tiny ball of orange-red fur. It was a baby red howling monkey, Arauta's own little namesake. The Indian had shot the mother, not knowing that she was carrying her baby, and of course he brought the little fellow home. For many days he was very forlorn and his little, black face looked the picture of misery, but the children cared for him devotedly, and, as he grew bigger,



The baby red howling monkey, Arauta's namesake.

RED HOWLING MONKEY

he seemed to return their affection, though he never lost his wistful expression. He and the walka became fast friends, and what one did not think of in the way of mischief, the other one did. They chased each other all about the benab. They sat on the palm-thatched roof and threw nuts and sticks down on the heads of those below. They would pull down pieces of cloth that the



A baby ocelot.

Indians had hung on the crosspoles, and, after dragging them in the dirt, they would tear them into shreds. Never were there such a pair of mischief-makers!

Besides the monkeys there were other four-footed animals that became members of Arauta's family. One of the favorites was a baby ocelot, a lovely, little, spotted leopardlike creature, with all the pretty, playful ways of a kitten. He and the monkeys were not on very friendly terms.

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They would tease him, and he would show that he was not really a tame house cat, by growling at them and showing his sharp, little teeth. He never snapped at the Indians, unless they stepped on him by mistake, though they knew that when he grew up they would not be able to trust him. But one night, when he was nearly a year old, he disappeared into the jungle and never returned. That was the fate of many of Arauta's pets, but he soon got new ones, for there was a never-ending source of supply in the great forest that surrounded the little boy's home.

BUILDING A NEW BOAT TO USE ON THE WATER HIGHWAYS

THE rivers in Arauta's country play a very important part in the Indian's life. They are the highways and byways along which the Indians travel in their dugouts and woodskins. Woodskins are canoes made of a single sheet of bark from one of the giant jungle trees. The dugouts or corials are quite a different shape and much more difficult to make.

Arauta's Father, after many weeks of work, had just completed a fine new corial, about twenty feet long. Arauta was by now nearly eleven years old, and was his Father's constant shadow, even as his baby spirit had been when it first came into the world. So, some weeks past, the Father had told Arauta to come with him into the jungle, to choose a good tree for their new corial. Fortunately they found the right tree very near the river, for when they had felled the forest giant, and with much hard labor hollowed it out, they had to drag it to the river and throw it into the water, where it was to be left to soak for several days. The log was far too

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A woodskin.

heavy for Arauta and his Father to manage alone, so they asked Kai-lai-la's young Indian hunter, who lived near by, to help them drag it to the shore. Even then it was almost too hard a task. They pushed it and pulled it and rolled it, and, after a long struggle, finally managed to get it into the water. By this time they were so exhausted that they lay on the sandy beach, panting, and they stayed there all the rest of the afternoon.

Every day, after that, Arauta's Father went to look at his floating log, and at last he said it had soaked long enough. Then they dragged it out on the beach and put it upon a staging, which they built for the purpose. Under this

RED HOWLING MONKEY

staging they made fires. Arauta was afraid that the fires would burn the wood, but his Father reassured him.

“They will only char the wood, so that we can chop it away more easily, and shape it into the right lines,” he said. “But we will have to be very careful not to let the fires get too hot, for then the wood might split!”

Arauta thought that would be dreadful, after all their hard work, so he made up his mind to watch those fires very carefully!



The new corial.

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In about two weeks the corial was finished and successfully launched on the wide river. Then the whole family rejoiced! One morning they all started off to visit Arauta's uncle, who lived about five miles up the Cuyuni River. They wished to show him their fine new corial.

Of course they took all their pet animals along—except the chickens! “I want to carry the warracabra,” said Arauta to Kai-lai-la, “and you can take the walka.” But the monkey had disappeared. The children hunted high and low for him. They looked behind baskets and in hammocks and up on the roof, and were just about to give it up and go off without him, when Kai-lai-la discovered him, curled up, fast asleep, inside an empty cooking pot! She picked him up and carried him on one arm, and the old macaw, who was also going along, perched on her shoulder. Arauta carried his warracabra in a quake, one of the openwork baskets which abound in every Indian home. And so they started off.

Granny and Arauta's Mother and Father did most of the paddling, and their short, quick strokes made the corial glide swiftly over the smooth surface of the river. They skirted the shore, past the tangled mangroves, where small, white orchids grew along the edge of the jungle.

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A quake.

A solid wall of swaying lianas hung from the tall trees, their blossoms of red or yellow or lavender making a gay screen, reflected in the clear, tea-brown water. Occasionally they would pass a clump of wild cocoa trees, with large pom-poms of white and yellow and crimson flowers, or maybe they would see across the river an entire tree that had burst into a glory of golden blossoms.

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At last they came to a clump of bamboos, growing on a bank some ten feet above the river. Here lived Arauta's uncle, and soon the new corial was drawn up on the little, sandy beach, and an admiring audience of relatives, big and little, stood about it, expressing their approval with queer little grunts and giggles.

"It's a fine boat!" one said. "Where did you find your tree?" another asked. "Does she paddle easily?" "How long did it take to make her?" Many such questions were asked, and they all repeated over and over again, "Good boat! Very good boat! Very nice boat! I like that boat!" and giggled about it as though it were a very jolly business indeed.

Arauta and his cousins played on the beach and in the water.

"Let's see who can run the fastest!" suggested one of the cousins. "I'll race you to the end of the beach."

"Oh, no," answered Arauta, "I'd rather see who is the best swimmer." After a bit of arguing they agreed to run a race first and swim afterward.

Once in a while one of the parents would call out a warning to them: "Watch out for kah-lee-mu-lah and see-bal-lee! There are plenty of them in the river around here!"

RED HOWLING MONKEY



Stingray.

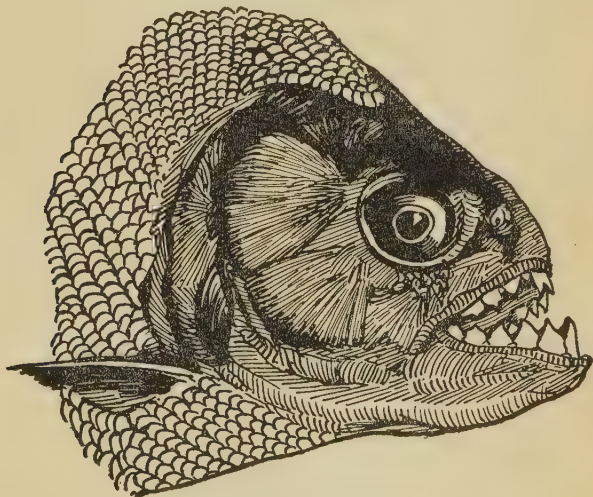
Kah-lee-mu-lah, the sting-ray eel, is not very dangerous, although one might get quite a sharp shock from a large eel, but see-bal-lee, the sting-ray, can make a man very sick indeed if he happens to touch him with his long tail. He is a round, flat fish, that lives on the muddy bottoms of the rivers and creeks.

Another even more dangerous fish is the perai, who has big, ugly teeth in his unpleasant, wicked face. He swims in schools, and when one perai bites a man the others taste the blood, as it mixes with the river water, and hurry to the feast.

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Should the unhappy man chance to be in the middle of the river, he might easily be eaten up before he reached the shore! Arauta's cousins told him a sad story of their little dog.

"The other day," they said, "early in the morn-



Peraï.

ing we missed our little dog. That same day Father caught a large perai and in his stomach we found our poor puppy's stumpy little tail!"

Arauta was full of sympathy. "I'm sorry to hear that," he said, "but I'll tell you what I'll do! The Young Hunter, who lives near us, has promised me two of his dog's puppies, and, if

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you like, you can have one of them. I'm sure he won't mind!"

While the children played together, the elders sat in the benab, the women discussing the weather and their latest ailments, while the men told hunting tales and planned a fishing expedition for the following day. They arranged to meet across the river early the next morning at Cauria Creek. Arauta's uncle said he had been up the river some days ago to get "haiary," with which to poison the stream.

Toward sunset Arauta and his family said "Dagai" (good-by) to their relatives, and started homeward. The river reflected the gorgeous, but brief, tropical sunset sky. There was a riot of color, not only in the west, but all around the horizon. Great banks of fluffy clouds in the east imitated, in rosy tints, the more vivid red and gold of the west. A short twilight followed, with one shining evening star heralding the night.

In the dusk the corial mingled with the shadowy reflections of the overhanging trees. Thousands of mayflies hovered over the river, and tiny, iridescent hummingbirds darted out of the near-by forest to catch them for their evening meal. A flock of noisy parrakeets flew across the river, and a beautiful green and

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chestnut heron sailed up from some reeds near the shore.

The corial silently drifted down the stream, Arauta's Father only using his paddle to guide the craft clear of the many traitorous rocks hidden beneath the smooth surface of the water. Not that he feared drowning, for no Indian believes that he can ever be drowned. If he should be upset too far out to swim ashore, he believes that the water spirits would come and take him down to the bottom of the river. There he would live happily and play with the "Fair-maids," beautiful girls with fishes tails!

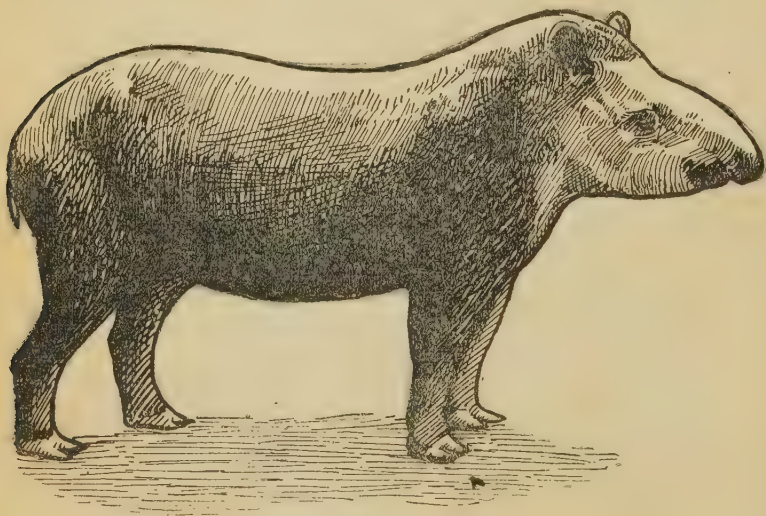
Arauta was thinking of this story when, quite near the boat, a strange black head raised itself out of the water. The child was startled by the appearance of what he felt sure must be one of the water sprites, and he sobbed with fright, "Mother! Mother! What is that?"

"Hush! Hush, child!" she soothed him. "'Tis but a manati! Come, stop crying, and I will tell you the tale of Sisters Maipuri and Manati, the Bush-cow and the Water-cow.

"There was once a lovely, big plum tree," she began, "and two sisters came every day to pick the fruit. One day a Bush-cow came along so they squeezed some of the fruit into a palm leaf and gave it to her to drink. The next day the

RED HOWLING MONKEY

same thing happened, and every day after that the sisters would go to the same place, give a little whistle, and the maipuri would come to them and drink of the delicious fruit juice they offered her.

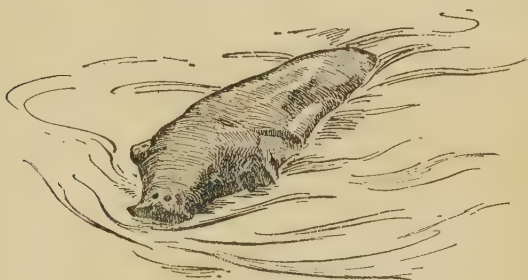


Tapir, the Bush-cow.

“The two girls had two brothers, who did not approve of their taming the wild Bush-cow, so one day they left their sisters at home and went to the plum tree. They imitated the whistle they had heard their sisters use, and immediately Bush-cow appeared. Then they killed her, and

BUILDING A NEW BOAT

took the meat home to their sisters. The girls were glad to see so much food in the benab, but when they went out as usual to meet their Bush-cow, she did not come when they whistled. Then they realized what their brothers had done. They went home crying, and told the boys it was their pet whom they had killed.



Manati, the Water-cow.

“Still weeping, the girls wandered down to the river bank, and the youngest sister tried to jump into the water. Her elder sister held her back, and begged her not to leave her alone. However, she managed to slip into the water, exclaiming as she did so, ‘People will henceforth call me Water-cow!’ Then diving three times she finally came up in the exact shape of the Water-cow!

“The elder sister rushed into the forest and

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changed herself into a Bush-cow. Bush-cow and Water-cow often meet nowadays at the water-side and have a chat. Of course they understand each other, for they both have the same language, just a grunt!"

When Arauta's Mother had finished the tale the boy was calm again, and soon the boat grated quietly up on their own beach.



Cauria Creek.

GOING FISHING

AT daybreak the next morning Arauta tumbled out of his hammock. Small birds twittered in the bamboos, a little, green kingfisher flapped past, uttering his shrill, sharp note, and from across the river came, crystal clear and whiplike, the call of the gold bird.

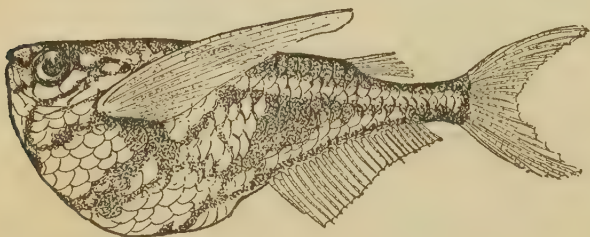
The family were already astir, busily engaged in collecting nets and baskets for the fishing expedition, while Arauta's Father examined his bow, and his arrows tipped with fishbones, to make sure that they were all in good condition.

Then they trooped down to the river and set off in their corial down the Mazaruni, till they came to where it joined the Cuyuni. Up the latter they paddled, and, crossing over to the opposite shore, they came to the opening of Cauria Creek. A sand bar nearly closed the entrance, but they passed around this, and were soon paddling into the heart of the jungle.

Giant trees arched overhead, often nearly hiding the sky. Sometimes they had to push aside green curtains of lianas, the strong, slender vines that hung down from the highest treetops.

RED HOWLING MONKEY

Now and then the odor of some tropical blossom would be wafted toward them, and a shining, metallic, blue morpho, the king of butterflies, would flutter by, mirrored in the dark water, breaking the monotony of the green and brown world. Occasionally a school of small silvery flying fish would scud across in front of the corial. Now and again the squawking, up in the



Flying fish.

treetops, of a flock of toucans, those gay, awkward birds with enormous bills, would break the silence, and one time a pretty little, spotted ocelot came down to the bank to drink. Once one of the paddles caught in what seemed to be a snag, but Arauta looked just in time to see a baby alligator sliding off the paddle!

About a mile up the creek they came upon Arauta's uncle and his family, who had arrived somewhat earlier, and were already occupied in

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preparing the small bundles of haiary sticks and roots for the poisoning.

Haiary is made from the long woody stems of a rather rare liana, which contains a milky



A toucan.

juice. “Where did the first haiary come from?” Aurata asked his Father, and the Indian told him this strange tale:

“Many years ago an old fisherman noticed that when his boy accompanied him and swam about the river, there the fishes would die, and yet were quite good to eat. So he made a point

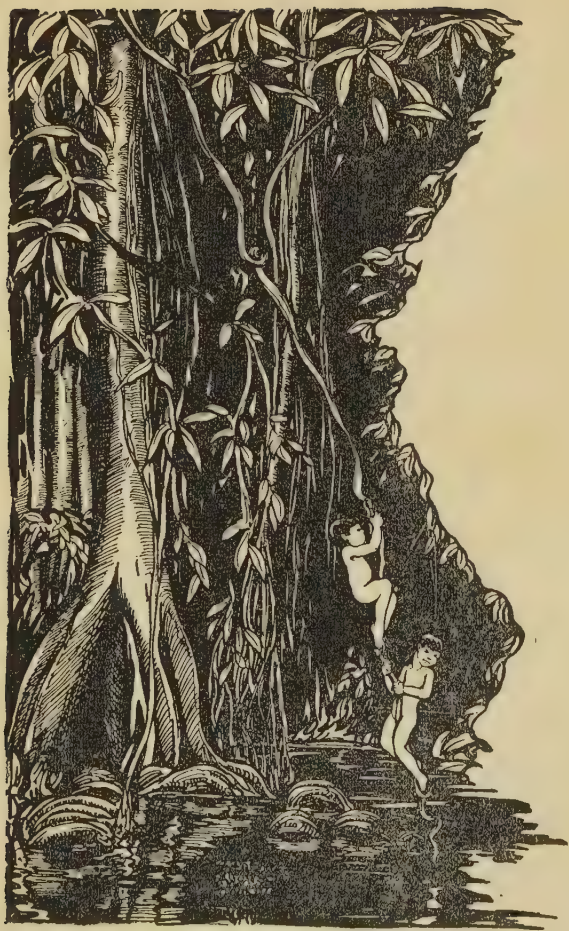
RED HOWLING MONKEY

of having the lad bathe every day. But the fishes were determined to put an end to this. Accordingly, one day, when the lad, after a swim, was lying basking in the sun, those fish which had spines, and especially the sting-ray, sprang quickly up at him and pricked him. The lad died of his wounds, but before dying, told his Father to watch for the strange plants that would spring up from the ground where his blood had fallen. The Father did so and found haiary!"

Soon Arauta's family were helping to smash and squash up these roots by beating them with wooden clubs, made of hard wood about two feet long. The lianas were laid upon flat rocks and suitable tree trunks, and pounded to a pulpy, stringy mass.

Arauta was considered too small to help with this part of the day's work, so he and one of his younger cousins looked about for something with which to amuse themselves. Arauta espied a long liana on the other side of the creek, which hung down from a high tree right over the water. "Let's cross over to the other side and swing on that liana," he suggested.

"That would be great fun," his cousin agreed, "and we could both swing on it at once!" And in a few minutes they were clinging to the end



Arauta and his cousin swinging on the liana.

GOING FISHING

of the liana, swinging back and forth across the creek, and enjoying themselves immensely.

Presently the roots were completely shredded and ready for use. "Stop playing, children," called the parents. "Come and help us now." So they reluctantly left their improvised swing and threw the crushed mass into the water at certain spots, where the older people had noticed that the fish were plentiful.

Nets had been put across the downward side of the stream, and the children were given long sticks and told to stir up quantities of mud at certain places. This was done to make the fish, who were hiding in the shallows and side pockets along the banks of the stream, search for clearer water. Thus they were driven toward the net and toward the poisoned section. Then the crushed haiary was dipped into the stream and swashed about, until a gray, milky substance floated on the surface of the creek, mingling with the muddy, brown water. In about fifteen minutes fish began to rise to the top, springing out of the water, gasping for breath, and then turning belly upward.

Some of the fish were caught by hand, but those out in the deeper parts of the creek were shot with a bow and arrow. Arauta's Father was considered one of the cleverest Indians at fish

RED HOWLING MONKEY

shooting and often he had proven his sureness and quickness of eye by shooting the swiftly darting fish in the rapids up the river.

The larger fish were put in big baskets, brought for that purpose, and most of them got over their stupor after a while. Of the smaller fish, however, hardly any came to life again.

Arauta rescued two of these little fish, who did quite recover. They were so prettily covered with lovely, turquoise blue spots and reddish-brown stripes, that Arauta put them into a large calabash, or hollowed-out gourd, and filled it with water. Great was his astonishment, when he again looked at his fish, to find some fifty baby fishes, each about an inch long, swimming about in his bowl!

"Oh, do come quickly!" he cried to one of his cousins. "Come and look at my two funny fishes with all their babies!" But when the child looked into the calabash, there were only the two grown-up fishes peacefully swimming about.

"Where are your baby fishes, Arauta?" he grumbled. "Are you trying to play a joke on me? I'll never come again when you call!"

Arauta felt rather foolish and began to wonder whether he had really seen the babies himself, when suddenly they reappeared.

"There they are!" he almost yelled in his ex-



*Arauta's Father shooting the swiftly darting fish,
in the rapids up the river.*

GOING FISHING

citement. "Do you see them now? I told you they were funny fish!"

"Yes, I believe you now," his cousin answered, "but how do you suppose they do it?"

"I'm sure I don't know how they do it," said Arauta, "but gracious! Where are they now? They are gone again!" Sure enough, there was not a baby fish to be seen!

"Why, there they are, Arauta! Where do you suppose they go to?" The cousin was now just as much interested in the fish as was Arauta.

Over and over again this mysterious appearance and disappearance occurred, and finally they discovered what really took place. The mother and father fish, upon becoming frightened, simply swallowed all their children, each taking half, and, the danger over, coughed them up again! This was done so quickly and quietly, just like a breath being drawn in and out, that it was quite some time before the children realized how this amazing sleight-of-hand or rather sleight-of-mouth trick was done!

When all the fish had been gathered together the two families divided them, well satisfied with the day's catch, which had been a good one. Then they packed up their things and paddled downstream again.

When they came to the open river they no-

RED HOWLING MONKEY

ticed that huge, dark clouds were piling up from the northeast. Over the farther bank the horizon was a dull, leaden blue, while great, purple-gray thunderheads massed themselves high in the heavens. Vivid streaks of lightning flashed across the oncoming darkness, and the threatening rumble of thunder came nearer and nearer. A silver sheet of rain made a heavy curtain, completely shutting off the view down the river. Swiftly the storm came traveling toward them. A cold wind which made the Indians shiver, came as a forerunner of the rain, ruffling up the river into large, purplish-brown waves, and singing through the treetops. The pattering sound of raindrops rushed over the jungle. The silver curtain was now almost upon them and soon a deluge of heavy, glistening drops came splashing down.

It seemed to little Arauta that the whole sky had become a mighty waterfall, like the great fall of Kaieteur, of which his Granny had often told him. As a girl she had lived up in the interior, near that majestic cascade that falls for eight hundred feet, sheer over the edge of a precipice, and then goes tearing down the narrow gorge, between the jungle-covered hills bordering the torrent on either side.

And even while Arauta was thinking of this



Kaieteur.

GOING FISHING

mighty waterfall, the sky grew lighter and the storm blew by. Tropical storms can be terrifyingly fierce while they last, but the heavy down-pour is of short duration, and soon the sun is shining more brilliantly than ever.

The Indians, who had taken shelter from the storm under the overhanging branches of a huge tree, whose buttressed roots jutted out into the water, presently shot their corials into the open stream. The river was now arched by a magnificent, double rainbow, and this the Indians took as a very good omen. And so they paddled gayly homeward, pleased that their corials were so heavily laden with fish.

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY INTO THE WIDE WORLD

WHEN Arauta was twelve years old he went on a visit to Georgetown. This is how it happened. A few miles from Arauta's home there was a building that was quite unlike any that the child had ever seen. It was larger than any benab, it had walls and a roof made of shingles instead of palm thatch, and, most wonderful of all, it had a square tower in which was a bell! The building was the Mission Church which had been built by a strange man, who had come from far, far away, so far away that it was even beyond the edge of that great forest which Arauta had always believed covered the whole world. When he first appeared among them, the Indians had been afraid of him. He was not like anything they had ever seen before! He was very big, and he had yellow hair and blue eyes, and, strangest of all, his skin was all pink, especially his face, which was very bright and shiny. At first he did not talk their talk at all, and that made it very difficult to find out who he was and what he wanted.

But that had all been quite a long time ago,

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY

and now even the children knew that there was nothing to be afraid of in this big man. He had learned to speak their language quite well, and some of the younger Indians had learned to talk his, though it was made up of all sorts of queer sounds that made them laugh.

He told them to call him Parson, and he seemed to have more wisdom even than their Piaï-man. They could never quite understand what he had come there for, but it had something to do with his good and bad spirits, especially with a little baby Spirit, whose name was Jesus. He did not seem to like their spirits very much and tried to persuade them that his own were the only ones to be obeyed, but of course they knew better. However they thought it could do no harm to be on good terms with his spirits as well as their own, so when he explained to them that it pleased the little Jesus to be what he called "baptized," most of the Indians came to Mission Church and let him sprinkle water over them, while he said the magic words that made them Christians. After that, whenever a baby was born they brought it to Parson, and he made it a little Christian and gave it a new name.

Arauta had been baptized when he was about nine years old, and Parson had given him a won-

RED HOWLING MONKEY

derful new name! It was Wellington Robertson, but Parson called him 'Lington for short! Ever since that time Arauta had followed Parson like a little puppy dog whenever he came to Mission Church. This only happened once in a while, for the big man did not live there, and sometimes it would be many moons between his visits.

It was always very exciting when he came, and all the Indians would gather on the river bank to greet him when he arrived in his wonderful boat that moved without paddles. This boat was a constant source of wonder to Arauta. There was a queer thing in the back of it that Parson called an engine, and when Parson turned a round thing called a wheel, and did some other things to it, this engine-thing would splutter and make a noise, and then, brrr!—off the boat would go.

Once in a while Parson would say to Arauta, "Come, 'Lington, get into the boat and I'll take you up river with me." Then, indeed, he was a happy little boy. And on these excursions with Parson the big man would tell him strange tales of the great world from which he came.

Lots of the things the man talked about Arauta could not understand at all, but gradually there grew a longing to see for himself what

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY

it all looked like. Especially did he desire to go to the place of many houses, which Parson called Georgetown. So one day, when Parson was there, he gathered enough courage to say in the funny-talk he had learned from him, "Me want to go to Georgetown!"

At first the big man had laughed at him. "No, 'Lington, you're too little a boy to go so far from home. Besides, you have no clothes like mine, and in Georgetown everybody wears clothes."

But Arauta could not get the idea out of his head, and every time Parson came to Mission Church the boy would beg him to take him away with him when he left. He was not afraid of going so far, and, if clothes were the only things that prevented, he would manage somehow about them. From that time on he began to beg for bits of cloth from every one he knew.

Parson had often brought pieces of gayly colored material with him, which he gave to the Indians, and he taught the women how to make themselves dresses, and how to make shirts for the men. These, however, they wore only when they went to Mission Church. Often scraps of this cloth would be left over, and Arauta managed to collect quite a large assortment of pieces of all shapes and sizes and colors. These he kept in a basket which hung over his hammock, and every

RED HOWLING MONKEY

morning when he woke, he would look up at them and wonder how many more pieces he would need to make a pair of trousers like Parson's. Finally the day came when he felt sure there were enough and he took all his precious rags to his Mother. He spread them all out on the ground in front of her.

"Mother," he said, "will you make me some clothes like Parson's? I want to go with him to the place of many houses, and he says that there one may not go without clothes." At first his Mother laughed at him, just as Parson had, but when she saw that the child was really very much in earnest she stopped laughing.

"I will make you the clothes, Arauta," she said, "but I don't think Parson will take a little boy like you on such a big journey. Besides, the spirits might not like it if you went so far away from home. They might become angry and much harm might come to you."

"Only make me the clothes, Mother," the boy replied, "and I will brave the spirits, and, surely if I have such fine garments, Parson will take me with him."

So the very next time Parson arrived a rather embarrassed but excited small child stood on the shore to greet him. He was all dressed up in his beautiful new clothes! These consisted of a won-



Arauta in his patchwork clothes.

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY

derful pair of patchwork trousers of red and blue and yellow, and a gorgeous sash to match, which was hung over his right shoulder, and tied in a large bow on his left hip.

"Parson," he cried, "me got clothes! Now me go to Georgetown!" And so when he saw how much the boy really wanted to go, the good Parson had not the heart to refuse any longer.

"Very well, 'Lington," he said, "if your Mother and Father will allow you to go, you may come with me this time. I am only going to be in Georgetown a short time this trip, and so if you are so anxious to see the big world, this will be a good chance."

At first the child's parents were afraid to let the boy go, but Parson reassured them somewhat by telling them that the little Spirit Jesus would watch over Arauta out in the big world, even as He did there in the jungle. So they finally consented to let him go, and the very next morning he said "Dagai!" to all his people and started off on his great journey.

The first part of the trip did not seem so strange to Arauta, for he had often gone along the river in Parson's boat. But Parson had told him that they would not make the journey all the way in his boat. Farther down the river they would come to a place where there were some

RED HOWLING MONKEY

houses bigger even than Mission Church. There they would get on to a great, big boat, one so large that it could carry twenty corials like his Father's, and this would take them swiftly down the river.

It was even as Parson had said. As they floated around a bend in the river a cluster of houses came into view, bigger than any Arauta had ever seen. Down by the shore there was a sort of platform, made of huge tree trunks, and to this was fastened, what seemed to Arauta, the most enormous boat that ever could be. It had a strange, black pillar sticking up on top of it, and out of this came clouds of black smoke. Suddenly the boat gave a piercing shriek that made Arauta jump with fright, but Parson did not seem to mind it at all, so, clinging to the big man's hand, the little boy walked up the gang-plank and on to that wonderful ship. The thing gave another terrifying shriek, the whole boat began to tremble and throb, the land began to move away, and Arauta realized that he was really beginning his journey to see the big world!

After many hours of swift travel down the wide, jungle-bordered river they stopped at last at another platform like the one they had started from. Arauta, having asked Parson many ques-

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY

tions, now knew that this was called a stelling or wharf. Here they left the ship, rather to Arauta's regret, but fresh wonders were in store for him.

Near the stelling stood a row of queer, little houses with many windows in them, and the first house had what Parson called a smokestack, out of which came the same kind of black smoke that had so astonished him, when he first saw the boat. This house was making the strangest noises, puffing and snorting, and scolding so hard, that again Arauta was rather frightened, and hoped that the thing would not suddenly decide to swallow him up.

There were a lot more people here, and everything seemed in the greatest confusion. Every one dashed about, and made a lot of racket, and bumped into him, and shoved and pushed him about, till he was quite bewildered. Only Parson seemed as calm and serene as ever, and presently he lifted Arauta into one of the little houses, and stepped in after him. They were in a queer, little room with wooden benches, and Parson told Arauta to sit on one of these and look out of the window. Arauta had never seen glass before, and he gave his head quite a bump before he realized that there was something hard between himself and the out-of-doors!

RED HOWLING MONKEY

Then suddenly the funny, puffing house in front gave a most terrific snort and whistle and, the next thing Arauta knew, the trees and the people outside began to move, slowly at first, then more and more swiftly. They disappeared and other trees and houses and people came running by.

“What makes the trees run so fast?” the child cried in astonishment. “Oh, Parson, me afraid!”

Once more the big man calmed the child, and did his best to explain that it was they who were moving in the train and not the trees outside that were running away. But it was very hard for Arauta to understand! And how that train did jiggle and wiggle and shake! And then the country began to look quite unlike Arauta’s forest land. It was more like one big clearing, dotted here and there with palm trees, and houses bigger than Mission Church. The land was very flat, and some very green meadows were flooded with water. There were people working here and Parson explained that these green swamps were rice fields.

On and on rushed the train, and the country flew by, and Arauta kept wishing that it would stop and let him look more closely at all the new and strange things that he had never seen before. At last the engine-thing that was pulling

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY

them slowed down. The trees seemed to be walking instead of running, and finally they and the train came to a stop. Once more all was confusion, but Parson grabbed Arauta firmly by the hand, lifted him down from the train, and led the bewildered boy on to a flat ferryboat.

There were crowds of people on this boat, white and black and brown. The latter, Parson told the boy, were Indians, but not like his own people. These were called Hindoos and came from a country beyond the wide ocean. So far the ocean, about which Parson had often talked, was a complete mystery to him. The largest body of water that he had ever seen was the River Essequibo, down which they had come in the river boat.

"The ocean," Parson said, "is so wide that you could travel many moons and not come to the end of it! Great big boats, far bigger than the river boat on which we have just been, travel over this immense ocean for days and days."

"And the man who makes the boat go, he no sleep all those days?" the boy interrupted.

"Many men make this boat go," answered Parson, "and at night some sleep and others stay awake and see that all is well and that the boat is sailing in the right direction."

"Why they no tie up to the banks at night and

RED HOWLING MONKEY

everybody sleep?" Arauta questioned, and the boy's eyes grew big with amazement when Parson said:

"For days and days, 'Lington, you see no banks. Only water and water and still more water!"

While they were talking the ferryboat had left the shore and was crossing the brown Demerara River, and, looking toward its mouth, Arauta had his first view of that great body of water, which seemed to him so unbelievable. There it was, even as Parson had said, stretching away and away, and on the farther side he could see no shore.

But now he could only catch a glimpse of it, for they were already nearing the other bank of the river, and there in front of him lay the city of his dreams, that place of many houses! Never had he imagined that there could be so many houses in the world, as he now saw before his eyes! And there were such big ones, too! They had so many windows, and in some of the largest there were as many as four windows one above the other! The child wondered how any one could possibly be tall enough to look out of those highest windows.

And then the boat reached the shore and amid a confusing hubbub of sounds meaningless to

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY

Arauta, they walked down the gangplank, and at last stood at their journey's end!

But wonders never cease for a little Indian boy who has never been more than a few miles from his Father's benab, and who has spent all his life surrounded by the wilderness of a South American jungle! Arauta had seen many animals in his young life that would seem very strange and queer to a little boy or girl in the United States of America, but he had never seen a horse! And so you can imagine his utter amazement when Parson lifted him into the strangest kind of a boat on wheels, with a black man sitting on a high seat in front of them, and an enormous and very peculiar animal standing in front of this boat suddenly began to walk away with them.

They were now rattling through narrow streets, with enormous benabs on either side, and these streets were crowded with people and horses and all manner of strange things, such as Arauta had never seen or dreamed of! There were carriages like the one they were riding in, only much bigger, that were able to go dashing along without horses to pull them, and once a house, something like the train-house, only all open at the sides, came clanging by, and Parson called it a trolley car. After a while they came to quieter

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streets, with trees growing in the middle of them, and finally the horse stopped before a beautiful, large, white house, in front of which grew many gay and pretty flowers. Here Parson lifted out a very dazed and bewildered little boy and led him into the big house.

“We’ve come to the end of our travels, ’Lington! We are in Georgetown and this is the house in which we are going to live.” But the boy was too dazed to answer or to do anything but stare with mouth and eyes wide open!

He was so bewildered that he did not realize, at the time, how they got to the big room way up at the top of the house. It was only later, when Parson told him that they would go and get something to eat that Arauta discovered, to his terror, that he was on the top of a high and very steep hill, one that would be dangerous to climb down. Never, in all the time that he was in Georgetown, did Arauta get used to those stairs! They always terrified him, and he always clung desperately to the banisters, and went slowly down, one step at a time.

And then began days of never-ending wonder! Early the following morning Arauta awoke to the sounds of the city. A kiskadee singing outside his window, and other birds twittering in a tall palm tree near by, were the only familiar

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY

sounds. The days start early in a tropical city, for one must take advantage of the cool hours before the sun comes blazing down full force. Arauta was too astonished at all that he saw to be able to do anything but trot silently after his big protector, as they turned their footsteps toward the center of the city.

Their first visit was to a magnificent and awe-inspiring stone building, which Parson called a Bank, though it did not at all resemble a river bank. Here there were many men behind basket sort of things with little windows, and Parson walked up to one of these. He gave the man behind the basket a piece of paper, and, in return, the man gave Parson a lot of the most fascinating pieces of metal. Arauta, in an awed whisper, asked, "Parson, those shiny things, what they for? Me want some, too!"

"That, 'Lington," Parson answered, "is money. Some people think that without it nobody could possibly live. You and I know better. But in a big city like this, one must give these little pieces of metal in exchange for food and clothing and all the other things that one needs or wants in a place like Georgetown."

After they left the Bank they threaded their way through the streets, and here the child saw an endless array of houses, which Parson called

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shops, filled with the most marvelous things. There were shops that had cloth enough, hanging in the windows, to make dresses and shirts for all the Indians Arauta knew, and inside these shops there was more and still more cloth. These same shops had all sorts of other things besides, and Parson did his best to explain to Arauta what the different things were used for.

He took him into one shop, and here, in exchange for a lot of the wonderful money, a beautiful woman, with golden curls, gave him trousers and a shirt and a hat just like Parson's! He took off his own gay clothes, and Parson and the lady dressed him in his new ones. Then they led him to a large window.

"What do you think of yourself now, young man?" Parson asked him. He looked out of the window and there he saw a boy just exactly as big as he was, with his black eyes wide open in astonishment! He had on clothes just exactly like his new ones, and back of him stood a smiling man and an amused lady, who looked just exactly like Parson and the lady who had helped to dress him.

"Who is that boy, Parson?" he asked the man at his side. "Can me play with him? See, boy, me got new clothes, too!" he added with pride.



He saw a boy just exactly as big as he was.

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY

But when Parson told him that the little boy he was looking at was himself in his fine new clothes, it was still almost impossible for Arauta to believe. When he left the shop he waved "Dagai" to the little mirror-boy and the boy waved back at him.

Then Parson bought him shoes and stockings, but these Arauta did not like so well. The stockings were not so bad, but the shoes were uncomfortable and made it hard for him to wriggle his toes. Parson told him that he need not wear the shoes and stockings all the time, so Arauta felt happier, and rather proud that he owned such grand things.

After leaving this shop they went to what Parson called the market. This was quite the most bewildering place of all. It was an enormous building with a very high roof, so high that Arauta could scarcely see where it stopped when he looked upward; but this enormous house was like his Father's benab in one respect—it had no walls. Inside was the most exciting place in which Arauta had ever been. Never had he seen so many wonderful things all together! To this little Indian boy everything was new and wonderful, but even a little boy from a northern country would find the Georgetown Market a bewildering and fascinating spot. Here are just

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a few of the many things that are to be found there:

Counters of shiny, cheap jewelry, and Arauta was overcome with joy when Parson let him pick out some of these gorgeous, glittering things to take home to his Mother and Granny and Kai-lai-la.

Furniture—new and old, rickety tables, shiny new bureaus, and wobbly chairs.

Butcher shops—meat and live chickens and ducks and geese.

Gay bales of cloth—gaudy cotton prints, plaid and flowered kerchiefs for the negro women, and brightly colored silk scarfs, woven with threads of gold, for the Hindoo ladies.

Gayly striped native slippers, called alpar-gartos.

Bright, pink candy—that your Mother would not let you eat.

Baskets of every shape and size and color.

Strange fruits and vegetables—strings of onions, ripe pawpaws, star-apples, avocado pears, pineapples, great clusters of green and yellow bananas and plantains, and many others of which I do not even know the names.

Monkeys peeping out from behind bags of flour.



The Market

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY

Parrakeets, many-hued parrots, toucans, and yellow and blue macaws.

Black people, and brown and yellow and white.

An old negress smoking an ancient pipe, sitting by her little piles of red and green peppers, arranged on the floor upon small, neat squares of white paper.

Gay young darky girls, dressed in pink and blue and white, balancing huge top-heavy baskets on their floppy hats with the greatest ease.

Tiny East Indian women, with graceful draperies, their heavy gold and silver earrings, nose rings, bracelets, and anklets clinking as they walked.

Turbaned Hindoo men, squatting in corners and earnestly talking together.

Chinamen in blue coats and stiff straw hats.

Noises—such a babble of voices, soft, sing-songy dialects, shrill cries, squawking of parrots and barnyard fowl.

But above all, smells—indescribable, haunting smells! The air was heavy with them. They penetrated everything, and added a peculiar charm to all that bewildering confusion.

No wonder Arauta found it the most wonderful place he had ever seen!

RED HOWLING MONKEY

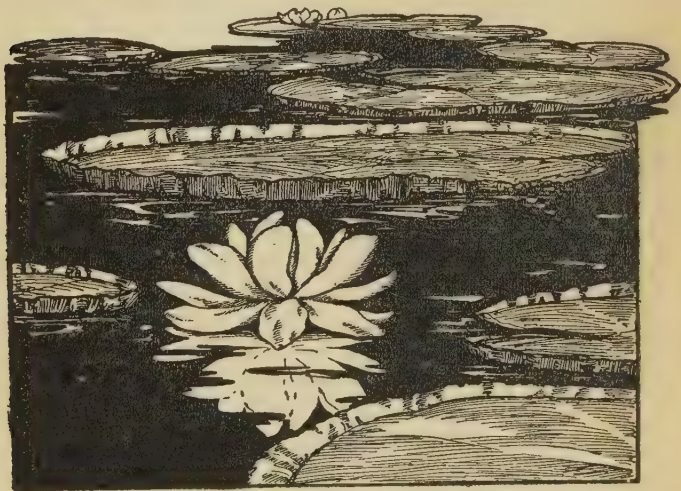
But it was getting late, and Parson said they must go back to the big, white house that he called a Hotel, and get their lunch. In the afternoon they again set forth. When one of the trolley-houses, marked "Botanical Gardens," came clanging by, they climbed in and went rushing along till they came to the edge of the city. In front of a place with a large gate they got off the trolley. They entered the gateway and found themselves in a pleasant garden and walking along a smooth road between green lawns.

This Garden-place was very lovely. Here the trees did not grow just any way, as they did in his forest, but along the roadway there were rows of wide-spreading trees, with hanging roots that joined their branches to the twisting roots that crawled along the ground, and these made Arauta think of the giant trees that grew by the river bank at home. Another friend from home was Water-cow, the manati, who lifted her black nose out of the muddy water of a little creek, to look at them.

In another part of the Garden they came to some narrow creeks with straight edges that Parson called trenches, and here grew the most beautiful flowers Arauta had ever seen. They were very large, even bigger across than Parson's foot, and that was very big, and some were white

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY

and some were pink, but the most wonderful thing about them was that they floated on the water. So did their huge, flat, green leaves, whose red edges turned up. Some of these leaves were so enormous that Arauta thought he could



The Victoria Regia.

stand on them and use them for a boat, and some pretty brown and yellow birds (Parson called them jacanas) were actually running about on them.

“These flowers have a very long name,” Parson told him. “They are called ‘Victoria Regia,’ and when the blossom first opens it is white, like

RED HOWLING MONKEY

that one over there. But in the evening the white flower sinks beneath the water, and the next morning it comes up a lovely pink, like this one by the shore."

"Water Spirit must come and take she down to Fair-maids, and Fair-maids make she so happy she come up next day all pink and smiling!" suggested the child, and Parson said that maybe that was so.

They had now come to a lovely little lake, and in the middle of this lay a pretty island, covered with trees. This was the Bird Island and already there was a chattering and squawking, as some of the day birds came home for the night and some of the night birds started off on their nocturnal hunting expeditions. For this was the nesting and sleeping place of hundreds of birds. Herons of many kinds came sailing homeward across the sunset sky, and snowy egrets came to roost in the dark green branches of the trees, where their hungry babies impatiently awaited their evening meal. Black-crowned night herons, and the yellow-crowned ones, made ready for the night's adventures. Hawks sailed overhead and roosted in the treetops, and yet their coming and going created no excitement, for on this island all birds dwelt in peace! Even Arauta, with the blood of generations of huntsmen in his

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY

veins, felt no desire to shoot these feathered families.

The sunset sky had paled into dusk before Arauta and his companion tore themselves away from the fascinating Island. Outside the Garden gate they climbed into one of the carriage-things that happened to be passing by, and the horse pulled them back to their hotel.

The following days were magic days to Arauta and each one held some new adventure. One afternoon Arauta had his first real view of the ocean. They walked along a wide road, with tall palm trees on either side, and presently they came to a place where trees and houses stopped. On one side, to be sure, there were still houses and green things to be seen, but on the other side was a stone wall. They climbed up on this, and then Arauta could hardly believe his eyes! They had come to the edge of the world! As far as he could see there was nothing but sky! At least that was what he thought at first. Then Parson told him that this was the ocean, and that all that he thought was sky was really water.

"Way out there, where the water changes color, is where the sky and water seem to meet, but really the water goes on and on, far beyond where you can see."

"And what happens at the end of the water?"

RED HOWLING MONKEY

the child asked in an awed whisper. "Does world she end there?"

"No, 'Lington," Parson answered, "at the end of that water is the land from which I come, the land which is very far away."

The brown water slapped up against the sea wall, and splashed them with salt spray. The ocean at Georgetown does not roll up in great breakers as it does on our northern beaches, for here the wide tropical rivers, the great Amazon and the Orinoco, bring down vast quantities of soil, which makes the ocean near their mouths almost a sea of mud. The water is so thick that large waves cannot form, and the little mud waves pile on top of each other, and thus constantly make new land along the coast.

It grew dark while they were looking out across the sea, and red and green and white lights began to flash out here and there across the water. Arauta thought that they were giant fireflies, but Parson told him that they were light-houses, places where big lights, like those that so amazed him in the houses of the town, only much larger, were kept burning all through the night, to guide big ships that sailed on the ocean.

And so day after day passed by, and at last Parson said that to-morrow they would start for home. That evening, as a farewell party, he

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY

took Arauta to the movies. He tried to tell him about these pictures that were not alive, but which moved about as though they were. But when the boy saw the men and women and children, and even all manner of strange animals, running across the big, white cloth at the end of the huge room, in which they and many other people sat, he could not believe what Parson had told him. These must be living things! Why, how else could they move about so fast, unless they were perhaps spirits, instead of just ordinary beasts and people? One part of the picture particularly held him spellbound. It was of men, dressed in shaggy trousers and broad-brimmed hats dashing about on the backs of horse-animals. How could any mere man be so brave and fearless? They must indeed be very great Spirits!

Arauta had quite forgotten where he was! The big, dark house filled with people, that had so impressed him when he first came into it, had altogether faded from his mind. But now the wonderful Spirits suddenly disappeared, the lights blazed out in the big room, and he found himself being smothered by the pushing, jostling crowd. To his intense terror he could nowhere see his big companion and, in a panic, he beat the people about him with his little fists. But it availed nothing! Suddenly he was shot

RED HOWLING MONKEY

out into the night, with the friendly stars shining overhead, and, as he stood there in utter bewilderment, a big hand was placed on his shoulder, and the deep reassuring voice of his friend said, "Well, here you are, 'Lington! Did you think I had lost you that time?"

Early the next morning they gathered their belongings together and started on their return journey. Arauta was returning to his home more heavily laden than he had left it. Parson and he had often been to the fascinating shops, and for each member of the family he was bringing gifts. There was the gay, shiny jewelry he had gotten at the Market that first exciting day for the womenfolk, and for his Father he had bought a straw hat, with a bright band about its crown. At the Market, also, he had found some beautiful china cups, painted with red and pink flowers, and he had bought one of these for each member of his family. Also he had gotten a little mirror-window, and a very grand leather box, called a suitcase, in which to put all his treasures. But most wonderful of all Parson, who had allowed him to choose all his own gifts, told him he might get one of those marvelous stick-flowers that were called umbrellas! And so with all these things, and more besides, they started back toward Arauta's forest home.

ARAUTA TAKES A JOURNEY

The nearer they got to his home the happier Arauta became. He had had a most marvelous experience, one that he would remember and talk of till he was an old, old man, but he was glad to be going home. He had seen the big world, and it was very wonderful, even more so than he had imagined, but, after all, the jungle was where a little Indian boy belonged. He was eager to be back in his Father's little benab, to see all the dear familiar faces, to have his pet monkey clinging about his neck, and, above all, to wander back into the cool, green forest.

He and Parson left the river boat where they had first boarded her, and Parson's little boat carried them farther upstream to Arauta's own river bank. Already Arauta could see his Father's benab, and as they drew nearer he could see his Father and Mother, old Granny and Kailai-la, all running to the shore and waving at him in great excitement. Soon they were actually there, and every one was laughing and talking at once. As a rule Indians do not show their affections very openly, but Arauta's Mother drew the boy to her and whispered, "My little one, I am happy to have you safe at home again!"

And Arauta answered, "I, too, am glad to be safely back from the big world!"

ARAUTA BECOMES A HUNTER IN THE FOREST

ONE evening, about two years after Arauta's visit to Georgetown, his Father and the Young Hunter, who was now Kai-lai-la's husband, were discussing as to which was the best beena for hunting the kī-kū-schee, or jaguar. The younger man had, after an exciting hunt, just missed his prey.

"There he was in plain sight," he said, "and yet my arrow missed him, and he disappeared into the bush unharmed!"

"That is very strange," the older man replied, "for I know you are a good huntsman. It must be that you used a poor beena, or that the old one is worn out."

"That may be so," said the Young Hunter, "I have not used a new beena for a long time. Yes, that must be the reason for my bad luck."

"Let us start off to-morrow morning," suggested Arauta's Father, "and spend several nights in the bush. Maybe we can capture this same kīkūschee, and, if not, we may at least find other game."

ARAUTA BECOMES A HUNTER

The Young Hunter agreed, most willingly, to this arrangement. Arauta was now such a big boy that he almost always went on short hunts with his Father, but he had never yet been on an expedition that lasted several days, except, of course, on that adventurous trip to Georgetown with Parson. Great was his joy, therefore, when his Father said, "Arauta, you are becoming a big boy. See that your bow and arrows are all in good order, for I will let you go with us to-morrow!"

That night, when he rolled up in his hammock, he lay awake thinking of the mighty hunter he hoped to be some day, till he dropped off to sleep and to dream of enormous jaguars and huge herds of giant peccary that he, the mighty Arauta, would hunt and slay!

It was an excited, happy little boy who started off the next day with his Father and the Young Hunter. As they were planning to spend several days in the bush they took with them hammocks, a cooking pot, and some cassava.

Arauta's Father carried an old-fashioned gun, called a buckgun, but he had with him also an ancient Indian hunting weapon, the blowpipe. This blowpipe is a long, slender, hollow tube made of a very light wood. A small dart, tipped with poison, is placed in one end, and even the

RED HOWLING MONKEY

lightest breath at the mouthpiece will send the arrow swiftly to its mark.

The Young Hunter, who owned no gun, hunted with the blowpipe, and also with a strong bow and with arrows tipped with poisoned fish-bones.

Arauta proudly carried his own little bow and arrows, which he had made for himself, and upon which he had rubbed a special hunting beena. He hoped to show his Father that he was a real hunter, and old enough to go a-hunting alone. He made up his mind that, should he make a good kill, he would, on his return, prove that he was brave enough to be called a man.

There were many ways of doing this, but he knew that he would have to undergo at least one or more of the ordeals that all young Akawais must go through before they are considered men. Perhaps they would inflict painful wounds on his breast and shoulders with the beak of a toucan, or the tusk of a peccary, and rub sharp peppers into the cuts. Or maybe they would tie a woven mat full of large ants, their heads all pointing inward, to his back or chest. How those ants could sting! But he would bear the pain of those red-hot, stabbing pricks without flinching or crying out! He knew he could do it! Surely he was braver than his Father's hunting



The Young Hunter hunted with a blowpipe.

ARAUTA BECOMES A HUNTER

dog, who had had his muzzle scratched and rubbed with peppers and stinging ants, in order to make him a good hunter. To be sure the dog had run howling into the jungle, but, poor puppy, he had not known what it was all about. But he, Arauta, was a man, and therefore it was different!

Such thoughts as these chased each other through the boy's mind, as he and his companions silently threaded the jungle pathways. To less keen eyes they might have seemed to be wandering aimlessly through the dense and endless forest, but an Indian rarely loses his way in the jungle. To him certain large trees, or groups of trees, scattered through the forest, are old friends. Some are landmarks because they tower above the slenderer trees about them, others because of some special event that has taken place beneath their branches. Under one tree Arauta's Father had shot an ocelot, and near another they had once seen a giant camudi, or boa constrictor, strangle a labba.

High in the branches of a certain tree, Arauta had one time heard an awful uproar! Looking up he had discovered a troupe of his namesakes, the red howling monkeys, whose shining, golden-red fur glowed against the vivid green background of leaves. Arauta saw that there were

RED HOWLING MONKEY

about ten monkeys in the troupe, mostly females, but he found that all the noise came from one huge male, who was uttering the most uncanny sounds; strange roars and rattling growls, which rose and fell in a weird rhythmic song, at the end of which came a series of short barks like the beat of a drum. Looking down at the boy, the black face of the monkey, with his fiercely grinning teeth, had been a really terrifying sight, and, combined with the deafening, bloodcurdling din, made Arauta feel that, although he was sure the howler would do him no harm, he would never in all his life forget that tree! This had happened two years before, shortly after his return from Georgetown, but as they passed the tree to-day Arauta's hair almost stood on end as he instinctively looked up through the branches, and he was glad when they had passed the spot.

They tramped on and on, and often as they went along they would bend down a twig to guide them on their return. They walked so quietly and their brown skins melted so harmoniously into the landscape, that once they almost stepped on a small red-brown accū, or agouti, who went squealing off into the bush thoroughly frightened. Soon after they came upon a tamandua, the anteater, which the Indians call oh-

ARAUTA BECOMES A HUNTER

youā, climbing up a slender tree not more than a yard away. And yet another time a troupe of walka leaping in the treetops, and crashing noisily through the branches, scattered nuts and fruit down upon their heads. At times the great forest seemed absolutely silent, except for the humming of insects and the dropping of stiff, leathery, dry leaves, which fluttered noisily from the treetops to the ground.

At one place they came upon a procession of traveling army ants. Here it was noisy enough, for countless small "ant-birds" of different kinds twittered above the fan-shaped end of the line where the much-feared members of this army were gathering their prey. The birds were on the lookout for escaping insects, or for any such stray titbits that



The anteater.

RED HOWLING MONKEY



A procession of army ants. They carry their heavier burdens by straddling them.

they might snatch. The army ants carry a heavy burden of food back to their home in some jungle tree. In one direction they hurry empty-handed, but the return procession is laden with many strange things, such as insect eggs, stolen from some nest under the ground, a fat beetle larva, taken from a rotting log, or maybe a four-inch



The leaf-cutter ants march along, waving green banners. Sometimes the small workers get a free ride home.

ARAUTA BECOMES A HUNTER

centipede, that has to be carried by several sturdy, determined little warriors.

There is hardly an inch of the jungle that is not populated by ants of one kind or another. Besides the army ants there are the leaf-cutters, or "cushies," who also march in a long procession in two directions. But their returning columns bear a prettier burden than the army ants. For they have been stripping some small shrub of all its leaves, and they return waving green banners, to their nest in the ground. This home of theirs often meanders for hundreds of feet underground, and, in certain chambers of the nest, the leaves are allowed to rot. In this rotting mass the ants plant a tiny fungus, which they cultivate and use for food.

Other ants live in dead tree stumps, or in the branches of trees, and woe betide any one who knocks against one of these stinging ants' nests! But as a rule the Indian knows how to keep clear of all these pests, and threads his way through the labyrinth of ant-covered forest unharmed.

At last they came to a small brook deep in the forest. "This is where I saw the kikūshee," the Young Hunter announced.

"If that is so," said Arauta's Father, "let us

RED HOWLING MONKEY

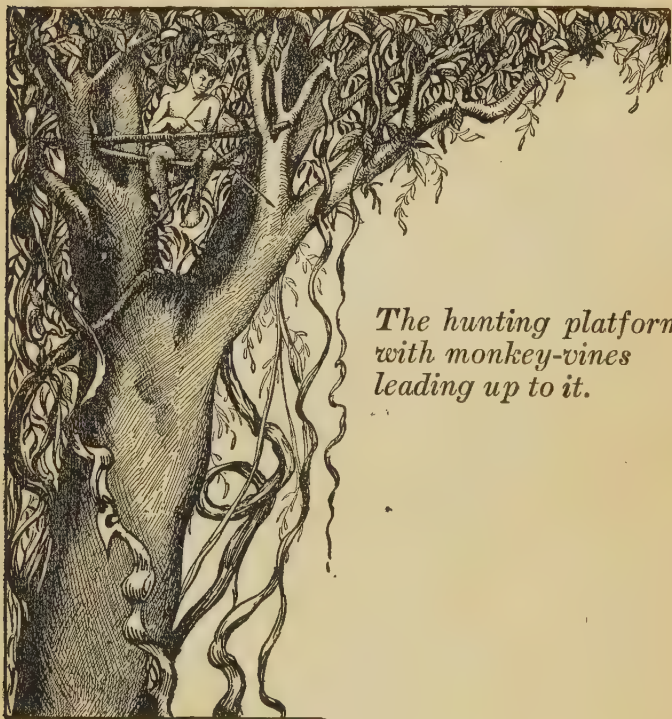
make our camp here. Very likely he is still in the neighborhood, and maybe he will come to this stream to drink. At least we can make this our camp for to-night."

It was quickly done, a few poles being cut down and stuck in the ground, a rough roof of palm thatch under which the hammocks were slung—and there they were all comfortably settled!

It was a lovely spot in a grove of giant mora trees, whose huge, flat roots stood out like the buttresses of some mediæval fortress. Three of these trees grew close together by the stream, and here the older men decided to build a hunting platform. They cut more poles and, climbing up a twisted liana, or "monkey-vine," that hung close to one of the trees, they built a little floor some thirty feet above the ground.

By the time this was finished it was growing dark, and night came upon them very suddenly. Huge bats swooped by, uttering shrill squeaks, and tree toads and crickets peeped and chirped their night songs from every direction. Countless giant beetles, each with two green, phosphorescent headlights, flashed and twinkled between the trees, and the cousin of our night-hawk, the tōcō-yow, called again and again, "Who are you? Who are you?" From off in the

ARAUTA BECOMES A HUNTER



*The hunting platform,
with monkey-vines
leading up to it.*

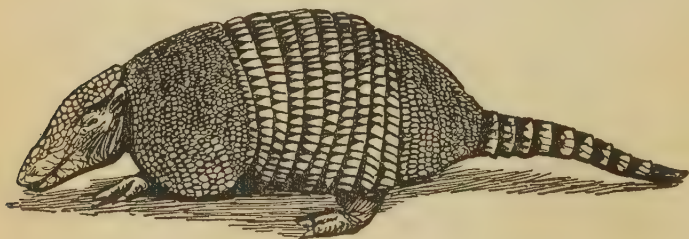
distance came the plaintive call of the mārū, or tinamou, a pretty, partridgelike bird.

Three times as Arauta was dropping off to sleep he was awakened by night sounds of the jungle. The first time it was only a great-grandmother of a toad hopping about in the dead leaves under his hammock, the second time it was a baby

RED HOWLING MONKEY

mūrū, the little armadillo, who was poking about in the bushes near the brook. But the third time it was the unmistakable, wild roar of the kīkū-schee that sent little shivers of excitement and anticipation down the boy's spine!

The next morning Arauta and his companions were awakened by a flock of parrots chattering in a treetop overhead, and soon after the whole



The baby armadillo.

forest seemed to burst into bird song. All the featherfolk of the jungle were greeting the new day.

The Indians were soon out of their hammocks, and after breakfasting on cassava they climbed to their tree house. All that day they waited there, and though smaller game came their way, none of the bigger animals showed themselves. Sometimes Arauta's Father would imitate the call of some wild animal or bird, and not infre-



Arauta started wandering along the banks of the little brook.

ARAUTA BECOMES A HUNTER

quently the creature would not only answer, but would come within shooting distance, and so they were supplied with plenty of meat for the day. But still they waited for the bigger prey.

During all that day only one exciting event occurred, and that was Arauta's encounter with the bush-master, or labaria, as the Indians call him. . . . There are not many dangers for the Indian hunting in the bush, as most of the animals are far too timid to attack a man. But of all jungle creatures, bush-master is most to be feared! He is the largest of the poisonous snakes. Well he deserves his name, for all creatures fear him, and when he strikes he kills!

Arauta, somewhat weary of his tree perch, asked his Father's permission to climb down and explore the brook. "Don't go too far away," his Father called after him.

"No, Father," the boy answered, "and I'll be back soon." He started wandering along the banks of the little brook. The water was rather low, as they had had little rain of late. Arauta was scrambling over a stretch of stony, dry brook bed, when he noticed the shrill peep of a frog or tree toad close to his feet. As he knew the voice belonged to a rather rare creature, much prized as a hunting beena for jaguars, he determined to catch him. Bending down to search

RED HOWLING MONKEY

for the toad he was startled to see the body of a fairly large labaria coiled about a stone, its brown, diamond-shaped patterns blending in with the pebbles upon which it lay, in such a way that even at a short distance it was almost invisible. With his heart beating fast, Arauta's eyes followed along the undulating curves of the snake's back, and then, indeed, he was nearly petrified with fear to find that the snake's wicked head was but six inches from his bare foot! At first the boy was so paralyzed that to move seemed impossible, but realizing the danger of his position, he made an effort at self-control, and slowly and carefully moved away. To his relief he then saw that it was the toad upon whom the serpent's gleaming eyes were fastened. Arauta hurried back to his Father.

"Quick, Father, quick!" he cried, "I have almost stepped on a labaria, and if we hasten I think he will still be where I left him!"

The two men climbed down from their tree. Arauta's Father hurriedly snatched up his bush knife and, after hastily cutting a long stick with a fork at one end, the two older men followed the boy to where he had seen the bush-master. There he still lay, his head swaying, and ready to strike at the terrified toad. With quick aim Arauta's Father brought down the forked stick,

ARAUTA BECOMES A HUNTER

pinning the snake just back of his head. Quickly the Young Hunter slashed at him with his hunting knife, and soon, after a few writhing contortions of his body, the serpent was no longer to be feared!

Arauta stooped down, and under a stone he found the snake's little rescued victim. But



The bush-master.

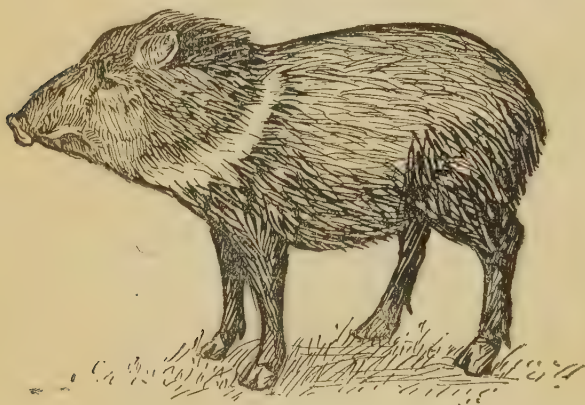
somehow he had no heart to catch the little toad, who had escaped such a horrible death. . . . Maybe it was a magic toad, whose gratitude in itself brought good luck, for the following day was indeed a day of days!

The morning started well, for a pretty little kar-ri-ou-kū, the small, brown deer, bounded right through their camp on its way to drink at the stream. In the afternoon they heard a snort-

RED HOWLING MONKEY

ing and shuffling coming through the forest, and before they knew it they were looking down, from their watchtower, upon some thirty or forty peccary, the large, wild pigs of the South American jungle.

The great creatures were dashing through the



A peccary or wild pig.

forest, rooting about for nuts which lay scattered on the ground. As they passed the Indians' platform the men imitated the barking of dogs, and immediately the wild hogs, with bristles raised, rushed straight toward the noise and, encircling the trees from which the sounds came, they gnashed their teeth and grunted most ferociously.

ARAUTA BECOMES A HUNTER

Dogs are their hereditary enemies, for often the Indians hunt the peccary with dogs specially trained for the purpose. When a pack of hogs is met, the dogs will pick off a straggler and surround him until the hunter arrives to kill him. Then he will hasten after the pack again and repeat the same game, sometimes three or four times. But alas for the poor dog who gets in the middle of the pack! He will never come out alive!

From their safe perch the Indians had no difficulty in picking off several of the beasts with their bows and arrows. Arauta's Father did not use his gun, for the sound of the first shot would have frightened away the whole herd. As it was, the brutes hardly seemed to notice when one of their number fell. At length the pack moved on, as noisily as it had come, and for some time could be heard crashing through the underbrush.

Then again silence reigned, except for an occasional burst of bird song, or the chattering of monkeys passing by. It was now late in the afternoon. From a treetop near at hand a rû-ê-ê-tong, or quadrille-bird, the most exquisite songster in all that jungle land, trilled its liquid, inimitable song, and the gentle cooing of wood doves echoed through the forest.

RED HOWLING MONKEY

Arauta, going down to the stream to get water, suddenly became aware of a slight rustling in the bushes just ahead of him. Immediately alert, tense and motionless, he peered into the dusk. There, gazing back at him from the shadows, were two glittering green eyes. It was the jaguar!

Evidently he had been following after the herd of peccary with the hope of attacking one of the stragglers. He had probably stopped and hidden himself in the underbrush, upon smelling the dead peccaries, which the Indians had already slain. At any rate there he was, and Arauta felt that this was indeed the great moment of his life!

He had fortunately kept with him his bow and arrows. He was far too excited to be afraid of the great, spotted cat, who watched his every move from the thicket, where he crouched, swishing his long, graceful tail, purring and growling continuously.

Ever so slowly Arauta adjusted an arrow to the bow, keeping his eyes fixed on the jaguar. Slowly he took aim, and, with a quick twang, let the arrow fly! It sped true to its mark, and a frightful roar rent the silence of the jungle, as the wounded beast sprang toward his attacker!



Arauta and the Jaguar

ARAUTA BECOMES A HUNTER

Well it was for Arauta that his Father was not far away, and with his gun close at hand! Hearing the bloodcurdling cry of the infuriated animal, he dashed to the spot. Just in time to save his son did his bullet strike the springing jaguar! With one terrific cry of pain and rage the big beast fell to the ground!

Arauta still stood where he had first seen those gleaming eyes watching him, but now he was dazed and swaying, and would have fallen but for the Young Hunter, who, rushing to the scene upon hearing the gunshot, caught him in his arms. Soon the boy had recovered his self-possession, and great was his pride, when the two older men commended him for his bravery.

"That was well done, boy," they both said, as they patted him on the back, "and also it showed that your courage would not forsake you in time of need!"

Utterly weary from the day's excitement the hunters rolled into their hammocks and slept heavily that night. And, while they were sleeping, the weird rising and falling chant of red howling monkeys came across miles of forest, the crickets and frogs and tree toads chirped and sang, and all through the night the great, white moon sent silvery shafts through the black woods, glinting sharply on the shiny, leathery leaves,

RED HOWLING MONKEY

looking down mysteriously and coldly on the jungle that never sleeps.

The next day the happy and heavily laden huntsmen returned through the forest to their



The happy and heavily laden huntsmen.

home by the river side. Great was the rejoicing at the good fortune of the hunters. The women-folk made a huge barbecue fire over which to smoke the quantities of game that their men-folk had brought home.

ARAUTA BECOMES A HUNTER

Arauta's uncle and his family joined in the feasting that night, and many were the tales to be told.

But the great hero of the evening was Arauta! Proudly he sat by his Father's side, a necklace of jaguar's teeth about his neck, while the two older men told of the boy's adventure. Proudest of all was he when his Father told them that his son was now brave enough to be a man! He now would surely show that he could endure all the ordeals thought necessary to prove that he was no longer a boy.

"Henceforth," he said, "Arauta will be allowed to hunt when and where he pleases, with others or alone, and may he one day be one of the mightiest hunters, for thus will he carry on the traditions of his forefathers!"

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And that is all I can tell you now about Arauta, the little boy of the jungle. For I have left his forest land and do not know what adventures he may be having. Some day I hope to return, and when we meet again I am sure he will have much to tell of his great hunting deeds. Around his neck he will have many necklaces, made of the teeth of the jaguars and peccaries that he has slain. Kai-lai-la and her Young Hunter will have built a new benab of

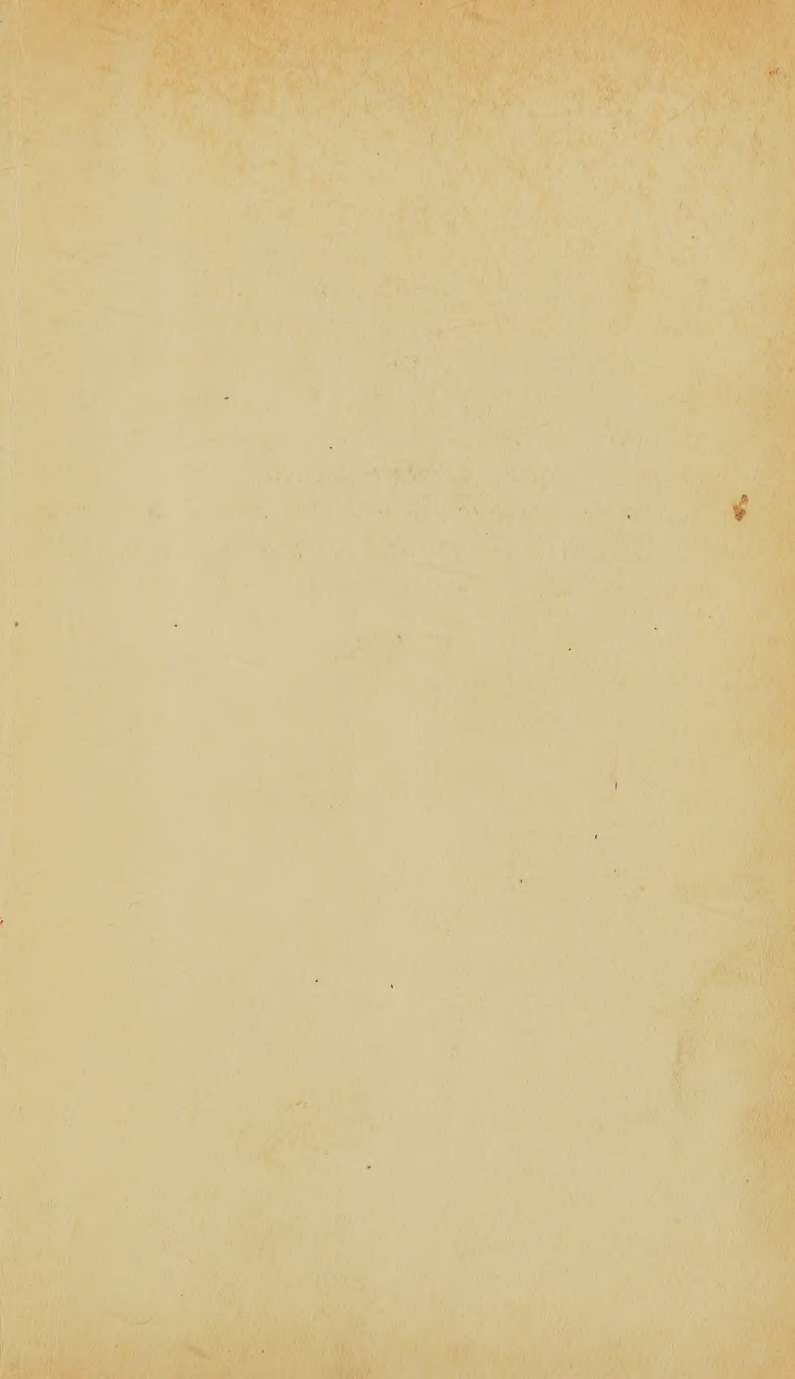
RED HOWLING MONKEY

their own, and maybe there will be another little, naked, brown baby playing on the dirt floor.

But the jungle itself will not have changed. Though Arauta's Mother will be planting new cassava fields, and his Granny making new kewé-yos, and though his Father will be hunting and fishing for food for the family, the endless forest will stretch on and on. The little marks made here and there by little human beings will be lost in the great wilderness, where animals, from the tiniest insect to the largest beast, are the real people of the jungle.



The great hero of the evening was Arauta.





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